THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR JUNE, 1810.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

1. The DISAPPOINTMENT of AVARICE.
2. London Fashionable WALKING and FULL DRESS.
3. A New and elegant PATTERN for a HABIT-SHIRT, TIPPET, &c.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Continuations of the Tales of *Benedict* and the *Fleet Prison*, are unavoidably postponed, from the serious indisposition of the Author.

The Conclusion of the *Young Officer*, by Margaret B——, in our next; when a Tale, intitled *What might be*, from the pen of the same Lady, will be given.

The Poem alluded to by Miss J. Squire was certainly, by some accident, never received; for we shall always pay every attention to the communications of so respectable a Correspondent.

M. J. G—l—m will see that we have complied with his desire.

The *Poetical Epistle* from *Judith Crabface* to *Simon Greesloe, Esq.* is intended for our next.

Lines addressed to a beautiful young Lady, by J. M. L., are received and intended for insertion; as are also the *Lines addressed to Mr.* J. WEBB, *on reading his* Haverhill, *a descriptive Poem, lately published.*

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For JUNE, 1810.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF AVARICE.

A TALE.

[*With an elegant Engraving.*]

THE Count of Montalto possessed large domains, and inhabited a spacious and strong castle in the flowing vales of Piedmont. His disposition, though it could assume the appearance of liberal frankness and warm attachment, where he thought he perceived his interest in such an appearance, was naturally close, selfish, and sordid. Yet, by the semblance of a contrary character, he so far imposed on the wealthy and generous Marquis of Spinola, his brother-in-law, who possessed large estates nearly contiguous to his own, that the closest intimacy subsisted between them; and at his death, which, in consequence of an accident, happened at rather a premature age, he left his only daughter, Clementina, the heiress to all his large domains, entirely to the guardianship and guidance of Count Montalto.

In possession of such a treasure, the count thought only how he might derive the most advantage from it. He knew there were not a few who would purchase, at almost any price, the facilities he had it in his power to grant towards the acquisition of so much beauty and so much wealth. He, therefore, eagerly took her into his custody, assigned her apartments in the castle, treated her indeed like a royal prisoner, with the utmost ceremony and sumptuousness, but suffered no person to have access to her without his special permission, which could only be obtained by liberal promises of a share in the rich plunder.

The first noble suitor on whom he cast his eye, as likely to accord with his purposes, was the Count Orosini, who, though he did not possess wealth corresponding to the possessions of Clementina was heir to, was not destitute

of some good qualities. But his manner and appearance were not such as could make any impression on the heart of Clementina; they rather inspired her with aversion. Notwithstanding the strictness with which she was secluded, she had once or twice, by a kind of accident, seen for a moment the Chevalier Landrini, and had felt her attention attracted in a peculiar manner by his manly and noble air, the symmetry of his person, and the whole of his carriage and behaviour. She found that Orsini was favored by her uncle; but, when she compared him with the image of Landrini she carried in her mind, she found the comparison far from being in his favor. By an accident, too, she was led to suspect, with a suspicion almost amounting to certainty, that an agreement had been entered into between her and her uncle, that the latter should receive a very considerable sum for his friendly recommendations. This rendered her coolness still colder. But a change soon after took place, which made it no longer necessary that she should fear being delivered over into the hands of the count. Another suitor presented himself in the person of the Marquis of Lozano, who himself possessing very large property, made offers more to the satisfaction of her avaricious uncle; for he offered to him the one-half of all her possessions. From this time Orosini experienced from Montalto a continually increasing coolness, and no longer was permitted even to approach Clementina.

On a certain grand banquet being given at the castle, at which all the principal of the neighbouring nobles and gentry were present, Clementina, wearied with the bustle and parade, found herself somewhat indisposed, and obtained leave to retire early in the evening. She had not been long in her own apartments before she heard the footsteps of some one hastily approaching, and in an instant saw Orosini enter—

'Hear me, Clementina,' cried he, with a kind of frenzy in his look; 'I love, and am in despair—yes, in despair. How can I gaze upon you, and know that it is perhaps the last time, without suffering all the madness of despair? But it shall not be so; you shall be mine, in spite of Montalto and all his treachery.'

'In spite of Montalto!' cried Clementina terrified; 'what can you mean?'

'Montalto would sell you to the best bidder; he would have sold you to me.'

'You, I hope, would not have purchased me,' cried Clementina, fixing on Orosini a contemptuous eye.

'I lose time,' exclaimed he; 'I came not to rail against Montalto; I came to solicit—to plead to my Clementina, to tell her all I suffer, and how sincerely I love; to entreat her to save me from destruction, and herself from slavery. Can I love you, and abandon you to the power of Montalto? Fly then, fly from this gloomy prison with a lover who adores you. I have bribed a servant of the castle, and I have a carriage waiting below. Before to-morrow's dawn we shall be far beyond the power of Montalto.'

Clementina, overcome by the sudden shock she had received, remained some moments silent, and her silence encouraged the hopes of Orosini, who watched

her countenance with impatience. He took her hand, and, as he pressed it to his heart, again conjured her to determine immediately.

'Every moment we lose will make our departure more dangerous,' said he; 'these few moments lost may enable Montalto to overtake us.'

'I beseech you, count, be silent,' said Clementina faintly; 'I am indeed very wretched, and wretched must I remain. Leave me, let me entreat you, leave me to my fate.'

'Oh! you trifle with my patience and my distress,' continued Orosini; 'is a marriage with a man who adores you so very terrible in your eyes, that you would prefer to it all the confinement and restraint you suffer in this prison? Some wretch must have stolen those affections which ought to be mine, or you could not thus obstinately persist in refusing an offer that would place you beyond the reach of oppression.' Orosini walked about the room with quick steps and a disturbed air.

'This language, Count Orosini, sufficiently proves that my affections ought not to be yours,' said Clementina mildly; 'and this conduct proves that I should not be placed beyond the reach of oppression so long as I remained in your power. If you wish me to believe otherwise, cease to oppress me any longer by your presence. If you refuse this, you will compel me to expose you to the resentment of Montalto.'

'Yes, let him come,' cried Orosini furiously, 'and brave my resentment. Let him dare to come, and brave one he has so treacherously injured; danger shall teach him morality, and vengeance justice. Let him come, and receive my sword in his heart — but I talk, and rave, and lose time — which now becomes most precious — My first care shall be to convey you from the castle. Cesaria! ho! Cesario!

A man now appeared at the door of the stair-case, and other steps were heard ascending. Clementina uttered a loud shriek, as Orosini hurried her across the chamber, and, at the same moment, she heard a noise at the door that opened upon the corridor. The count paused a moment, as if his mind was suspended between love and the desire of vengeance; and, in that instant, the door gave way, and Montalto, followed by the old steward, and several other persons, burst into the room.

'Draw!' cried Montalto to Orosini, who did not pause for a second bidding, but, giving Clementina into the hands of the people who appeared from the staircase, turned fiercely round — 'This in thine heart, villain!' said he, as he made a thrust at Montalto with his sword, who parried the blow, and aimed another, while some of the persons who had followed him into the room endeavoured to part the combatants, and others rescued Clementina from the hands of Orosini's servants.

'Was it for this, Count Orosini,' said Montalto, in a cool, sarcastic tone of voice, 'that I received you under my roof? Was it that you might repay my hospitality with the treachery of a fiend?'

'Who talks of treachery?' said Orosini, in a tone of unrestrained vehemence. Let him that does

show an unblushing face of innocence. Montalto, you are a villain! of all the treachery there is in this affair you are the author. Have you not wronged me with the most unexampled baseness; have you not injured me almost beyond redress. But this is not a quarrel to be decided by words —Come on, coward, and it shall receive a speedy decision, and a decision, I doubt not, fatal to deceit.'

'Coward!' cried Montalto, bursting from the people who held him, and rushing on Orosini, when the both retreated into the corridor, where the fight continued so desperately that none of the spectators dared approach them, Montalto swearing that the first who interfered should fall by his sword.

Jealousy and the thirst of revenge lent all their fury to Orosini, while the superior skill and the temperance of Montalto enabled him to wound his adversary, whom his servants now attempted to seise, but he would not be restrained, and, without regarding his wound, continued to fight, seemingly insensible to pain and loss of blood, and only alive to the violence and fury of his passion. Montalto, too, received a very severe wound, from which he bled profusely; but he still persevered in the combat with a fierce and wary valor, and, as he possessed more skill than his antagonist, he at length violently wounded him, and disarmed him. Orosini then fell back into the arms of his servant; and Montalto held his sword over him, and bade him ask his life. Orosini, sinking under the anguish of his wound, signified by a feeble gesture, and a few words scarcely articulate, that he would not, and immediately fainted. Montalto then made an offer to plunge his sword into his breast as he lay senseless; but his arm was arrested by one of his attendants. He yielded without much difficulty to the interruption; but his countenance changed to unusual ferocity when he looked upon his fallen adversary, and ordered that he should be conveyed from the castle. He, at the same instant, directed one of his sternest glances at Clementina —'As for you, madam,' said he, 'I suspect you to have had some concern in this; I shall, therefore, at another time, know better how to treat you.' His great loss of blood now made it necessary to convey him to another apartment as soon as possible, to dress his wounds.

At this moment, and amidst this confusion, the Chevalier Landrini, who had followed Montalto with his attendants, advanced to support Clementina, who was near sinking with fatigue, conflicting emotions, and especially alarm at the stern threat she had received from her uncle when he left the room. The chevalier had, two or three days before, found means to convey a letter to her, expressive of his tender and ardent affection, and containing a complete explanation of who he was, and what his connexions were. He now took advantage of the scene of confusion, occasioned by the sanguinary rencontre that had just taken place, to press her to an immediate elopement with him; for, if this opportunity were neglected, he observed, another might perhaps never offer; his fortune, he confessed, though not contemptible, not being such as would immediately satisfy the ava-

rice of her uncle. The affection she had secretly conceived for him, and the universal praise she had heard lavished on his character and conduct, pleaded strongly in his favor, and the fear of continued imprisonment, or perhaps further worse treatment from her uncle, and after all, a forced marriage to a man she disliked, induced her to listen to, and comply with his proposal, though in any other circumstances she would never have been so precipitate. They found means to escape from the castle, were united, and fortunately, she had never occasion to repent the hasty and hazardous step she had been induced to take by the selfish severity of her avaricious relative.

ACCOUNT of the FROZEN MARKET at ST. PETERSBURG.

(From Sir Robert Ker Porter's Travels.)

TO strangers, unaccustomed to the various changes produced in men and things by the influence of intense frost, nothing appears more wonderful or noteworthy than that part of the city dedicated to the sale of frozen provisions. Your astonished sight is there arrested by a vast open square, containing the bodies of many thousand animals, piled in pyramidical heaps on all sides, cows, sheep, hogs, fowls, butter, eggs, fish, all are stiffened into granite.

The fish are attractively beautiful; possessing the vividness of their living color, with the transparent clearness of wax imitations. The beasts present a far less pleasing spectacle. Most of the larger sort being skinned, and classed according to their species; groupes of many hundreds are seen piled up on their hind legs against one another, as if each were making an effort to climb over the back of it's neighbour. The motionless apparent animation of their seemingly struggling attitudes (as if suddenly seised in moving, and petrified by frost) gives a horrid life to this dead scene. Had an inchanter's wand been instantaneously waved over this *sea* of animals, during their different aetions, they could not have been fixed more decidedly. Their hardness, too, is so extreme, that the natives chop them up for the purchasers like wood, and the chips of their carcases fly off in the same way as splinters do from masses of timber and coals.

The provisions collected here are the product of countries many thousand versts beyond Moscow. Siberia, Archangel, and still remoter provinces furnish the merchandise, which during the frost's severity, is conveyed here on sledges. In consequence of the multitudes of these commodities, and the short period allowed to the existence of the market, they are cheaper than at any other part of the year, and are, therefore, brought in large quantities to be laid up as winter stock. When deposited in cellars, they keep good for a length of time.

At certain hours every day, the market, while it lasts, is a fashionable lounge. There you meet all the gaiety of St. Petersburg; even from the imperial family down to the Russian merchant's wife. Incredible crowds of sledges, carriages, and pedestrians

throng the place: the different groupes of spectators, purchasers, venders, and commodities, form such an extraordinary *tout ensemble* as no other city is known to equal.

During this mart of congealed merchandise, affecting scenes often occur. The provisions, I have already told you, are exported from the most remote provinces of this vast empire, consequently the infinitude of sledges necessary for their conveyance, are accompanied by boors. It is not often the case, that for more than one season, the same persons travel with them: and this change of conductors is produced by motives more honorable, more powerful than interest itself.

Whenever a new levy is made for the army, a given number, (according to the state's necessity) is taken from every five hundred vassals capable of bearing arms. Most of the villages have been thus deprived of some of their inhabitants; and it is with the affectionate hope of again seeing their different relatives, that many very aged men accompany these frozen caravans. St. Petersburg is the extent of their views. The knowlege of that city and their own village, bound their geographic acquirements; it is thither all their wishes tend; for to that spot alone, they falsely believe, is fixed the object of their fond solicitude. Ignorant of any particular corps, and only conscious that it is a soldier they seek, under the liveliest expressions of expectation and affection, they momentarily look for the blessing of again embracing a son, a brother, or some other near and beloved kinsman. Actuated by similar feelings, hundreds of soldiers are seen going from groupe to groupe, searching for their own parents among these patriarchal strangers. To the observation of a benevolent individual, these scenes are delightful. Nothing can be more affecting than to witness their joyful meetings; fathers embracing their sons; brothers their brothers. But expressions of disappointment frequently excite more distressing sympathies; and the heart saddens while listening to the impatient inquiries of many, who are soon deprived of their dearest hopes by the information that another country contains their offspring: perhaps another world.

ANECDOTE.

Marshal d'Albret was famous for speaking hastily and in a manner not very intelligible. Towards the close of life he thought proper to become amorous of a lady of great wit and vivacity, to whom for a long time he paid his court; but at length that all his assiduity was thrown away, and that she treated him with the utmost disregard, he desisted from visiting her. The lady upon this, said, with a smile, to one of her gay companions—'To tell you the truth, I am rather sorry that he has left me, for I began to understand him.'

THE YOUNG OFFICER.

A TALE.

BY MARGARET B.

[*Continued from* p. 208.]

ON the next day Mr. Leicester, Edward, and Mary, went over to dine with Mr. Cicil. Mr. Leicester joined Mr. Cicil in the garden, and Edward and his sister went into the house, where they found Ellen sitting alone, reading. She laid down her book and rose to receive them. A rising blush mantled on her lovely cheek as she presented her hand to Edward.

'Are you as fond of reading as ever, Miss Cicil?' said he, taking up the book she had been perusing. May I presume to look into your studies?'

'It will not be counted any presumption,' said Ellen.

'Delphine!' said Edward, opening the leaves; 'if I might take the liberty, Miss Cicil, I would say that was not a proper book for you to read.

'Why?' said Ellen blushing.

'It is certainly,' said Edward, 'a very beautiful and well-written book, but it is, at the same time, a very dangerous one.'

'Poor Delphine!' said Ellen sighing; 'there was surely no harm in dying for with man she loved.

'I leave that to your better judgement, Miss Cicil,' replied Edward; 'but she brought all the misery she suffered upon herself by despising the opinion of the world; by following the system of the new philosophy she wrought her own ruin.'

'But Madame de Stael writes so interestingly and so elegantly,' said Ellen, 'that one cannot refrain from reading her works. Don't you think Corinna a charming book?'

'It is certainly preferable to Delphine, but still it is written upon the same principle.'

'I see,' said Ellen smiling, 'you are no advocate for novels; and, for fear we should quarrel about them, I think we had better drop the subject.'

'Agreed,' said Edward, 'provided you play us a tune on the piano.'

Ellen sat down, but unluckily began a song which Edward had often heard the faithless Anna sing. The last time he had heard her was the night before he went away. The vow she had plighted at the same time darted like lightning upon his faithful memory; and when Ellen sang the line—

'I'll think of him that's far away,'

he could no long conceal his emotion, but rushed out of the room.

'What is the matter with him!' cried Ellen, starting from her seat; 'is he ill?'

'O! no,' answered Mary, 'he is not ill; but don't you remember, Ellen, that Anna sang that song the night before he went to Holland?'

'O, heavens!' cried Ellen, 'he will think that I sung it intentionally.'

'O, no, Ellen,' said Mary, 'he knows you too well to think that. Cruel Anna! Edward will never forget her, and he will be for ever miserable.'

'O! no, he will never forget her,' sighed Ellen, trying to conceal a tear.

'He told me yesterday he never would,' said Mary; 'and that he would never love another.'

'Indeed!' said Ellen, 'did he say that? O! if I had been Anna, I would not have forgotten him though I had been made a queen.'

'I am sure you would not,' said Mary; 'O! how happy I should be if he would love you?'

'He will never do that,' said Ellen, bursting into tears.

'Dear Ellen, have I said any thing to offend you? What is the matter with you? Tell it to your Mary.'

Ellen threw herself on Mary's neck. — 'I cannot conceal it longer,' said she, sobbing; 'Mary, dear Mary, you will despise me if I tell you.'

'Despise you!' repeated Mary; 'dear Ellen, how can you think so?'

'O! but I am sure you will,' sighed Ellen.

'Indeed I will not,' said Mary; 'you will make me angry with you if you say so again.'

'But I cannot tell you now,' said Ellen; 'indeed, I am ashamed. I will tell you some other time, when we are alone. — See! there are the gentlemen coming. I must run up stairs and wash my face; they would know I had been weeping. I made a fool of myself yesterday; but I shall not do so to-day.'

At parting, Mr. Cicil shook hands with Edward, and said, 'I must bid you farewell for a while; Ellen and I are going to visit a friend at ......; and, I am afraid, ere we return you will have left the parsonage.'

'I am very glad you are going to ......,' said Edward, 'as the regiment I belong to lies there at present; and, as I have only three weeks' leave of absence, I will soon see you again.'

'I am very glad to hear that too,' said Mr. Cicil. 'Good-night; I hope we shall soon meet again.'

Edward's leave of absence soon expired; he bade adieu to his father and sister with much reluctance; and poor Mary parted from him with many tears. Edward took leave of his native village, and joined his regiment. His health, but not his peace of mind, was restored.

The third day after he reached ......, he called upon Mr. Cicil, and found him at home.

'Call down my daughter,' said Mr. Cicil to a servant; 'tell her Mr. Leicester is here.'

Ellen came down at the first summons, and Edward saw with sorrow that the roses on her cheeks had given way to the lily. A momentary blush overspread her countenance as she entered the room, but it soon gave way to an ashy paleness.

'Ellen has not been well for this some time past,' said Mr. Cicil; 'this large town, and late hours, do not agree with her so well as the peaceful shades of Cicil Grove.'

'I hope Miss Cicil will soon get better,' said Edward, though his heart foreboded the contrary.

When Edward left Mr. Cicil's, he took a solitary stroll along the sea-beach; his memory flew back to past scenes, which fancy painted to his warm imagination. He thought of Anna, seated by his side, listening to his ardent tale of love, and with blushes confessing her own. 'How changed,' said Edward mentally, 'has one short

year made my prospects! All my blissful hopes are fled, never, never to return!'

The noise of a carriage roused him from his reverie—an elegant equipage flew swiftly past.—'Who is that?' asked Edward of a passenger.

'The Earl of Aubrey,' was the answer.

Had a thunder-bolt fallen at his feet it would not have given him a greater shock. 'The Earl of Aubrey!' he repeated, 'and Anna, perhaps, Anna is along with him.'

In the evening, he accompanied Mr. Cicil and his daughter to the theatre. Towards the end of the second act, a confused noise in one of the side-boxes made them look that way. Anna, the beauteous Lady Anna Aubrey entered, accompanied by her father, Mr. Dudley, and three young gentlemen. The eyes of the whole house were directed towards her.

'How beautiful she is!' was whispered around.

Edward gazed with anguished rapture on the elegant Anna.

Ellen trembled, cast a stolen glance at Edward, gave a deep sigh, and sunk fainting into her father's arms.

'Help! help! my daughter has fainted,' exclaimed Mr. Cicil.

Edward turned round, and beheld Ellen lying senseless. Taking her in his arms, he carried her down stairs. Ellen opened her eyes, and found her head reclining upon Edward's breast.

'I have been a great trouble to you all,' said she; 'put me into the carriage, and I will go home. Mr. Leicester, I beg you will go back again; I should be very sorry to deprive you of any amusement.'

'Indeed I will not,' said Edward; 'I will see you home.'

'Indeed you must not,' said Ellen. 'Dear father, prevail upon Mr. Leicester to go back. I should be so vexed to know myself the cause of depriving him of the entertainment he promised himself from the play. Do go back, to oblige me.'

'Since you desire it,' said Edward, 'I will. Good night. I shall call and see you to-morrow, when I hope to find you quite recovered.'

Edward returned to the box he had left; he looked at Anna, who was conversing with much gaiety with the young gentlemen. Edward, the unhappy Edward, watched her every motion; but Anna's eyes rested not for a moment upon him. At that instant she arose to depart; Edward, by an involuntary motion, did the same. In the passage Edward met her; she turned her head—'Good heavens! do I behold Edward Leicester!' exclaimed she, springing forward.

'You are very familiar, Anna,' said her father sternly.

Anna blushed and retreated.

Mrs. Dudley came forward, and expressed her happiness in seeing him, and asked for his father and sister. Edward thanked her in a voice scarcely audible. The earl took the hand of Anna, and bowing coldly to Edward, led her to the carriage.

Edward returned with a heavy heart to his lodgings, yet a gleam of happiness spread itself over him: for the first time he thought that Anna might have acted by her father's commands, and not from her own heart.

On the next morning Edward called at Mr. Cicil's, but found

only him; Ellen was confined to her bed. Fearing that his visit might prevent Mr. Cicil from attending upon his daughter, he took his leave as soon as possible, not without breathing a fervent prayer for the lovely and interesting Ellen's recovery.

[*To be continued.*]

REFLECTIONS *upon the Number of* MENDICANTS *which are permitted to infest the Streets of the Metropolis, with some singular and authentic Anecdotes of that Class of Beings.*

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE frequently been astonished that, in a country abounding with such numberless institutions for the afflicted and unfortunate, the police should suffer such a variety of miserable objects to infest the streets; which (shocking to say), whilst they call forth sympathy and humanity, are often calculated to excite a mixture of horror and disgust.

To assert that these hapless beings are not objects of compassion, would, Mr. Editor, be, to prove myself destitute of the finest sensations which can adorn the human mind; yet, as the beneficent hand of Charity has founded so many institutions for suffering individuals, and each parish contributes largely towards their relief, I am inclined to believe that the misery we so frequently behold is not the effect of misfortune, but the result of choice.

'Choice!' exclaims some of your astonished readers; 'can any one choose a life of suffering and distress?' No, gentle reader, that is impossible; but many prefer suffering and poverty to labor and competence: and, to prove the truth of this assertion, I shall relate a circumstance or two, which I heard from the lips of two respected friends.

Mrs. B—— was a woman endowed with all the virtues which could adorn and dignify her sex; and her benevolence was so universal and extensive, that it became conspicuous even in the metropolis. The neighbourhood in which she lived might have been termed a focus for mendicants; for seldom did it happen that any one was turned empty from her door; and, in walking in a neighbouring square, she had frequently relieved one of her suffering fellow-creatures, who regularly sat, or rather reclined, upon the steps of some gentleman's door. The disease under which he labored, by his contortions, appeared dreadful; and she had long observed a bundle of rags wrapped round his leg. Humanity one day induced her to enter into conversation with the poor sufferer, when he immediately displayed a wound of the most shocking appearance! The liveliest sympathy was awakened in Mrs. B——'s bosom; the mendicant was desired to follow her steps: a surgeon was sent for, the wound examined, and symptoms of mortification apprehended. The surgeon participated in his employer's benevolent emotions, protesting his readiness to admit him into ——— Hospital, provided he could be furnished with de-

cent apparel, and had no complaint to prevent the charitable intention. The generous Mrs. B——— readily undertook to furnish the unhappy man with all necessary articles, and he was immediately received into the hospital, where, by the greatest care and attention, the limb was saved from amputation. During the progress of this extraordinary cure, Mrs. B——— frequently visited the being who had called forth her humanity, and supplied him with money to obtain those little indulgences which were not allowed in the hospital, and had actually formed a plan for his future establishment; or, in other words, had persuaded a gentleman of her acquaintance in the city to employ him as porter. The man, at this time, was so far recovered as to be able to walk in the ground, or garden, allotted to the patients; and one morning Mrs. B——— called for the purpose of inquiring how long the surgeon of the hospital thought it would be before poor Brown would be able to quit those healing walls? The reply was, in ten days or a fortnight: Brown was accordingly summoned to his benefactress; but, alas! no Brown appeared. The porter declared, he had been seen a short time before, and it was evident that he had watched an opportunity of slipping out, whilst the guardian of the premises was employed in some domestic occupation. The box which contained the linen which the benevolent Mrs. B——— had furnished him with, still remained under the bed, but without one single article in it.

That roguery had not been the occasion of this extraordinary flight was evident, as Brown had left no trace of dishonesty behind him; and conjecture in vain endeavoured to discover the motive by which he had been actuated.

Though a liberal mind requires no return for obligations confered, yet the want of gratitude in a person essentially indebted as Brown evidently was, could not fail to mortify the feelings of his benefactress; yet months and months passed away without any tidings of his destination. At length, accident conveyed Mrs. B——— to a part of the metropolis very far distant from the spot where she resided, when the first object which struck her eye, upon turning the corner of a street, was the man whom she had so generously befriended occupied in his former trade of begging. From the rapid movements of his steps, it appeared he had likewise seen and wished to avoid his benefactress; the footman however, who followed his mistress, and had been her attendant at the former meeting, was ordered to follow, and soon overtook the fugitive, detaining him prisoner until Mrs. B——— reached the spot.

'Why did you endeavour to avoid me, Brown?' inquired his amiable benefactress, in a tone of astonishment rather than resentment.

'Because, madam, I had not a heart to meet you! Ungrateful dog as I am, I could not bear to see you!'

I shall not trespass upon the time of my readers, by relating the self-reproaches this singular being uttered; but merely say, that, upon his benefactress requiring an explanation of his extraordinary behaviour in quitting the hospital before the cure of his leg was perfect, he acknowleged it

to proceed from a habit of idleness.

'I live by this wound, madam,' said he, pointing to the diseased limb; 'for it is that which excites pity in the breasts of your dear sex; yet I will take care never to let it get so bad as it was, when God Almighty threw me in your way, my honored lady. Had my poor leg got quite well, I must have worked; for I dare not have been idle and disgraced your recommendation; and, as labor and me have long been sworn enemies, I thought it best to avoid it's company, and take up my quarters in a part of the town where I really hoped, my honored lady, I should never see your sweet face again; yet my ingratitude to you has given me many a secret twinge.'

The candor and self-conviction of this extraordinary mendicant, prevented his generous friend from reproaching his want of gratitude; and fully aware that advice and remonstrance would be equally unavailing, she gave him a trifle, and never saw him more.

Relating the preceding anecdote to a friend a few evenings ago, Mr. Editor, and expressing my astonishment that some method was not taken to prevent this class of individuals from infesting the metropolis, he informed me, I ought not to condemn the want of proper regulations to remove the evil, but the want of active persons to put the law in force. And, continued he, I can relate a circumstance which occurred a few years ago, of which I was an eye-witness, which will convince you that idleness is not merely the parent of evil (as it has been termed), but the nurse of invention; and that the celebrated Mr. Brown's inventive faculties were not equal to those of the honorable member of his fraternity, whose mode of obtaining a livelihood I am about to mention.

A party of choice spirits, as we termed ourselves, had determined to enjoy each other's society at a celebrated inn about ten miles from London; and having sharpened our appetites by sailing down the river, we sat down to dinner in high good humor, resolving to do justice to the French cook's superior abilities; and, as two or three of our party united all the taste of professional singers with the manners of complete gentlemen, our entertainment was not confined to the mere sensual gratification of eating and drinking; for to the feast of reason and the flow of soul was added the convivial harmony of duets. In the midst of this enjoyment, our attention was attracted by the entrance of a very shabby looking fellow, cap in hand, who solicited charity. The athletic and youthful appearance of this appealer to our benevolence united the indignation we felt at his unceremoniously presuming to force himself into our presence, induced one of the party not only to condemn the impudence of his conduct, but to express our resentment against the landlord for permitting the intrusion, when, with an address and language far superior to his appearance, he not only exculpated the host from every degree of blame, but interested our feelings in his behalf by observing that, though his appearance was healthy, yet he had throughout his life labored under an incurable hereditary complaint, which actually prevented him from earning a livelihood by honest industry. The

manners of this singular being, united to the hereditary disease under which he professed to labor, at once excited our compassion and our curiosity, and we unanimously expressed a wish of being made acquainted with the nature of his complaint.

'Delicacy, gentlemen,' said he, 'prevents me from revealing it; but, if one of the party will step with me into a private apartment, I will disclose to him the nature of my unfortunate malady.'

As one of the company happened to be a disciple of Galen's, he immediately offered to retire with the mendicant; and returning in a few minutes, said—'Poor fellow! his disease is actually incurable; in fact, I do not believe that the whole college of physicians could be able to remove, or even assist his complaint.'

The man bowed most humbly, and, extending his hat, individually implored our assistance. As wine is said to open the hearts of men, it produced a similar effect upon our purses, and we each gave according to our inclination.

As soon as the fellow had quitted the apartment, we each proved true sons of Eve; but near half an hour elapsed before we could induce our companion to betray the important secret, which he at length did, by bursting into a loud laugh, and informing us 'it was *idleness;* but,' continued he, 'though the sly rogue obtained a positive promise of secresy before he revealed the nature of his complaint, and I was so much amused by the trick, that I determined not to reveal it until he had got a convenient distance to escape that chastisement I confess he deserves.'

This, Mr. Editor, of course, I allowed was outheroding Herod; and, though I could not help laughing heartily at the fellow's wit, I sincerely wished he had been punished for his impudence: yet the many proofs of imposition we hear of in that class of individuals, may ultimately check that tide of benevolence which ought to benefit the more deserving parts of the human species.

If, Mr. Editor, as a citizen, you can point out any method of diminishing an evil which seems to be gaining ground, I am sure you will confer an essential benefit upon society in general, and on no one more than,

Sir,

Your sincere well-wisher and admirer,

J. B.

On the DIFFERENCE of CHARACTER between MAN and WOMAN.

[*Concluded from* p. 228.]

MAN accuses woman of uncontrollable loquacity: but the fact does not make it appear that there is any monopoly of words on the side of the women. When the men have a subject, they exceed them in vociferation. When they are taciturn, it is because they have not that ready combination of ideas necessary to make conversation. Women possess a greater degree of vivacity, a more elastic force of thought; so that their mind is never long without some new association of ideas. Men think with more force, but less elasticity; so that when an

idea has taken possession of their mind, it is some time before any new direction of thought will occur; this necessarily obliges them to greater silence.

Curiosity is another trait which the men say the women engross, and which they imagine also to be a sign of a weak mind. Where nature has bestowed much strength, she has clogged it with immobility; where she has left weakness, she has supplied it with elasticity; which is the source of the lighter passions, curiosity, vanity, loquacity, &c. There is such a thing as weakness and stupor; that is, perfect weakness; but where mobility occurs in a weak character, we are to respect it as a counterbalance to strength. Upon the same principle we are not to despise the heaviness of strength, but we should philosophically admire the various dispensations of Providence. Curiosity, loquacity, &c. being qualities belonging to elastic and mobile, may very reasonably be expected to prevail more in women than in men; for it is undeniable that men have more solidity, women more mobility; men more strength, women more weakness. But men actually discover as much of the mobile passions as women: they are equally vociferous when they have a subject, and at all times possess as much curiosity, which they fancy to be a great stigma upon the female character, but which is an ornament where other animation is wanting; for stupor is the most frightful state of the human intellects.

That men possess as much curiosity and loquacity as women, every one will be convinced who employs the smallest observation. In private families it is remarked what a difference there is respecting news, when a man resides with them. Where there are gentlemen in the family, the females confess they hear every thing that is going forward. Can it be supposed that they learn news from a polite desire to gratify the females? Let them not pretend to more benevolence than is consonant to human nature. No mortal yet ever persevered in a course of action in which he did not find some self-gratification; and after the familiarity of long association has made a man lay aside politeness, he will not persist in a practice which he does not secretly relish.

Is vanity a female attribute solely? No. Nature has given to man a penetration to discover when he is agreeable to woman; but vanity will not suffer him to discover when he ceases to be so. Men have more steadiness in hiding their vanity; they do not suffer all the world, or the object of their triumph, to perceive that they have found out their influence, but it reigns in their own conviction with not less force. So far is beautiful and noble: but they are very apt to go a step farther. They presume upon attachment, and being once possessed of the idea, cannot disengage themselves from it; but often make themselves as ridiculous as any girls can possibly be. All the passions of men are stronger and more permanent than those of women; vanity among the rest. To be sure a man is only to endeavour to be agreeable to a woman, and nine times in ten he will be so, provided there is no disparity of situation to call up the lady's

pride as a barrier. Experience cannot fail of convincing the men of this flattering circumstance; but then they would not be agreeable unless they were assiduous; it is not for their innate qualities, but because of the attention they pay the ladies, that they please. Ought not this consideration to counterpoise their vanity? And have not women more excuse for vanity, since it is theirs to attract without endeavouring to do it?

When women throw off the feminine, they are accused of displaying incomparably more ferocity than men, and of preserving no bounds in their violence. If we consider attentively all the concurring motives, and relative situations of women, we shall perceive this to be owing to their weakness, and not to their barbarity. They cannot both spare and preserve power for themselves. In them to exercise cruelty is an act of self-preservation, the strongest law of nature. Nor is there any thing taught them in education calculated to furnish them with the noble heroism of laying down their own life for the preservation of others. The same trembling weakness which makes them, as wives, to kiss the feet of their husband, urges them, as persecutors, to stab him to the heart. In the first case it is, because they expect every thing from him; in the second, because they expect nothing from him.

Men spare, because, after they have spared, they are still powerful; but if a woman spares, she draws the yoke around her neck, sharpened with thorns of vengeance. It is undoubtedly a nobler nature to be created with energies so sublime as to be capable of bestowing mercy; it is one of the approaches which mortals make to the attributes of the Deity; but it is a vulgar error to imagine, because women do not display this, that they are inwardly cruel. It is a false estimate to draw comparisons between man and woman, in this particular, on bare fact; the true estimate is, that men are able to spare without injury to their sense of self-preservation, whilst women are not. This is the whole of the matter. When men are so circumstanced that they cannot spare without injury to their sense of self-preservation, they act like women, and show no mercy. What actions of female violence at any time ever exceeded the cool determined cruelty of eastern princes, who murder all their brethren, on their accession to the throne, from the jealousy of rivalship? This is one example of many which history affords, that magnanimity is not so innate in the breast of man as to be a natural attribute of his character. His magnanimity results from the circumstances of his situation; when these secure him from dread, he dares to be merciful; when they do not, he destroys, because he dares not be reconciled to what he apprehends will not be reconciled to him.

But Providence has endued man with more strength than woman; he has thereby more frequent opportunities of showing his magnanimity; the vulgar, who always reason hastily from superfices, infer from hence that magnanimity is more natural to him; but those who take a more spacious view, will observe it to be habitual as well as natural, and as much the result of circum-

stance as of nature. There are not wanting proofs of magnanimity in females who are exalted to the level of men. Queen Elizabeth dared to spare her foes like a man and a king; this is a proof that circumstance as well as natural weakness is the cause of female ferocity; yet it would be an injury to the study of truth, not to acknowlege that the continual influence of circumstances, inducing such respective habits, will improve the one, and degrade the other.

Though women, upon the present plan of education, appear so far below men in intellect, yet if they were admitted to an equality with man in education and habits, there is sufficient probability that the difference would diminish, though, let it not be supposed, that it would totally vanish. Since man is the appointed lord of woman, let him be crowned with some superiority, that the yoke may be worn with grace. Yet of those females who have stood forward to the attention of mankind in the regal character, the sex have no occasion to fear a criticism; nor is history unfurnished with examples of heroines who have started from the lowest ranks of life, and displayed a superiority of soul which any man had been proud to have claimed for his own.

Could women be admitted to an equality with men, be recognised as rational partners, divide with them the schemes of life, enjoying the full intercourse of intellect, it certainly would be a beautiful scene; besides, the collision of so many developed understandings would undoubtedly contribute to the advancement of civilization. We know not what revolutions in government might be saved, or to what sudden perfection laws might attain. But it is also true the present system of female subjection is not without a considerable share of beauty. The idea of exalting man above the whole creation, without exception and without an equal, is very grand and noble; nor can it be thought much degradation to woman to obey so distinguished a lord. He is not her lord only, but the lord of the whole creation. Whenever a union happens between a man of a noble mind and humane temper, and a modest woman, disposed to acquiesce in his supremacy, but with sufficient mind to understand the value of his superiority, perhaps the most perfect state of human society is accomplished. For, according to the frailty of our mortal conceptions, we cannot relish the idea of solitary majesty and independence like that of the Deity, who is for ever happy in himself; whilst our finite ideas require to be supported by participation; and therefore protection and gratitude form a series of much more gratifying relations to our nature than unapproachable and incommunicable elevation. If man stretches out his arm over woman, and woman leans upon his bosom, the picture is found in every heart in the world. Let that record vouch for it's propriety. As to the abuse which men of brutal temper and gross sullen minds make of their superiority over women, it must remain among the imperfections of this mortal state, and the remedy be looked for perhaps where all things shall be made perfect together.

Contemplate the following pic-

ture. The lord of the creation rises to manhood; the graces of adolescence yet bloom on his cheek; his heart is touched at the sight of woman; at the sound of her voice it vibrates with sensation; he desires to be amiable in her eyes, and becomes engaging; for the graces delight in rewarding the loves. She smiles, and it falls on his soul like the sun upon the earth. His existence derives an interest from her notice; it becomes a spur to his exertions. Toil and danger are sought by him, since they render him lovely to her. Taught by her, he learns to serve his country; amongst his other rewards he has a sweet satisfaction in appearing glorious to her. He advances to maturity; the objects of life gather round him; he sees her the mother of his children; her pious attention rears the hope of his future years— Is any man weary of the subject? Man, the companion of woman, refreshes his labors, assuages his sorrows, and brightens his interests in her prevailing presence. Nay, he disdains not to display to her his deepest researches in science; for though her untaught mind may not always be equal to his attainments, yet a sentiment of admiration produces in her a secret satisfaction that it is not to a mere brutal force she yields the empire, but that her lord is worthy of dominion. She feels his protection, and, in return, irradiates his leisure with cheerfulness; filling those moments with interest which otherwise would yawn with vacuity. None like her can comfort the pillow of sickness. Her friendship is a respite and a rest. Urged by the thousand considerations that circle round her shrine, heroism transcends itself, and he sustains and performs more than philosophy ever taught him. His reward is her fair presence, in whose fair presence it is reward to live. The social duties are improved by this sentiment. What a man feels strongly inherent in his own breast, he naturally concludes to be common to all men; and hence a sympathy of lovers, husbands, and fathers; the source of all that is noble and tender in society; the principle of laws.

Man owes to woman his social virtues; borrows from her his grace, and shares with her his power. In age he remembers her long-riveted influence, and while he receives from her the last offices of humanity, he believes he shall meet her in that abode where the God on whom he relies will equally acknowlege both.

Contrast with this the following: a youth spent in contumelious infidelity, a life passed in arrogant assumption, treating the insulted partner of his pilgrimage with disrespect. No radiant hope, no joys of tenderness, no refinement, no honors of protection, or bliss of gratitude. In age a dreary void, dark, solitary, unpromising. Which is more for the advantage of man? But can he have the first without a liberal treatment of woman? Neither can he enjoy the consolation of her many balsams, unless he gathers them with tenderness; regarding her in a rational light, and not as a matter of mere property.

The rooted jealousy with which he vulgarly regards her is much to be lamented, as a fatal barrier to that noble confidence and

sweet harmony of which nature has surely made woman capable. Were man to regard her as a sister rather than as a slave, as a friend rather than an utensil, as a a being sent from heaven to mitigate the weariness of the valley of the shadow of death, whom he must rejoin in eternity, the benefit would be his own. In degrading woman, he robs himself of that refined influence, that last polish, which she alone is able to set upon his character. The most sublime philosopher, who should not have to struggle with adversity, enjoying the most exalted studies, would degenerate into barbarism and austerity without the melioration of woman. Heaven has left him dependent upon his partner; nor can he neglect that dependence without injury to himself. It is not merely that her society is pleasant to him, or that her domestic offices are useful; but it is a real efficient influence which he is capable of deriving from her; like the dry ground which receives the dew of heaven, and is then nourished abundantly, where otherwise would be a steril desert.

Men have more strength of mind than women, which confers on them superior power and energy, and enables them to pursue a subject through all it's relations to it's close, and thus to reason in a more argumentative manner than woman. But the solidity which renders them more profound, also makes them less flexible. This is the reason why they have less general conversation than women. They can arrange, compare, and deduct any subject that is present to their mind; but they cannot pass with graceful, natural, easy transition from one topic to another, which woman can do with so much vivacity and elegance. In general the conversation of men is limited to politics, horses, parish business, &c. If they hear a piece of domestic news, they can retail it as an anecdote; but they cannot, from colloquial talents, form that pleasing tissue to conversation which seems the spontaneous production of woman's mind; which, without ever being sublime or profound, without instructing or strongly moving, without even exciting the conscious exercise of thought, occupies the most grateful moments of polished society; and by it's soft refining influence, finished the last touches in the character of civilized man,

RECAPITULATION.

But though man is certainly so much superior in strength of character to woman, that he might reasonably be supposed to be exempt from those foibles and weaknesses which he wishes to ascribe exclusively to the females, truth would not be satisfied with such a decision. Experience daily convicts him of practising all the little passions which he would in vain shuffle off to women. Philosophy rejects inconsistencies, and will not admit them till experience pronounces them to be facts.

The superior power which enables man to debate, argue, preserve secresy, and frame the rules of honor, is extremely inconsistent with that noisy vociferation which they display when met in company; with that curiosity which they always betray; and that censoriousness, in which

they far exceed women. Who say severer things of imprudent females than men? Which of their own sex ever say any half so severe? But in this failing some allowance is to be made them, being a case which particularly affects their own security as husbands. In vanity, too, they far exceed women; but they certainly have not that method of displaying their faces so continually to admiration that women have, till they have scarcely a look of their own, so much is every attitude and motion made up to attract.

A man will keep a secret better than a woman, for this reason; they are less inclined to talk, because of their natural immobility; and because most men have occasion to think more than women. Professional men study more; and men of business have their thoughts called upon by the momentous occurrences of that business. The majority of officers, as Mrs. W —— observes, having great leisure, and little or no call for study, resemble women most; have most vivacity, and loquaciousness. A striking proof that all the difference between man and woman is not owing to nature.

If any thing be objected to which has been advanced concerning the men, as too severe, let observation and experience decide. When a lady's husband goes to the coffee-room in a country-town to read the public news, does he not bring home to her all that is going forward in private families? Can any man deny that he there hears all his neighbours' concerns, and what his neighbour's wife and daughters have been doing? And is it not there that scandal grows to the most luxuriant dimensions against the female? Facts cannot be hidden.

COLLORARY.

Men have more strength, women more flexibility; men listen, arrange, compare, and deduct; women combine, vary, and reproduce; men have more force, woman more grace. Man overcomes, woman subdues; man thinks, woman speaks; man is noble, woman beautiful. Man was formed to conquer the whole creation; woman, to approach that conqueror. All things living shall keep their distance from man: it is the privilege of woman alone to be divested of fear. With this let both be contented: man is never so much lord of all nature as when he completes all other triumphs by protecting woman.

Both occasionally exchange characters; but let not woman triumph in her heroines, or insult man in his slaves. Deviations from nature determine nothing except that sport in which she often indulges, and with which human wisdom has nothing to do.

With majesty encircled round,
    Man rears his head to Heaven;
Woman, with nameless magic bound,
    To charm his soul was given.
She mitigates man's weary life
    And care and sorrow steal;
As mother, daughter, sister, wife,
    Her many balsams heal.

LADIES' DRESSES
ON HIS
MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

HER MAJESTY. A lilac petticoat, covered with a silver net

lace, the draperies tastefully looped up with four diamond bows, a most brilliant diamond sun-flower on the left side, interspersed with diamonds of various forms; train to correspond. The *tout ensemble* was tastefully magnificent, and had a light and elegant appearance. Head-dress of brilliant and costly diamonds and silver net.

PRINCESS OF WALES. A primrose satin court train petticoat richly embroidered with the iris flower, the leaves of beautiful colored foil edged with fine gold, the heads of the flower superbly studded with diamonds, the body and drapery of rich silver plate net embroidered to correspond; the train, body, and sleeves studded with sapphire stones of great value, pocket-holes fancifully trimmed with iris wreaths and silver trimming, with a magnificent wreath of diamonds across the drapery. Head-dress of diamonds and fine ostrich feathers.

DUCHESS OF YORK. Point-lace petticoat, lined with green silver tissue and point-lace, looped up with diamonds; train, point-lace lined with green silver tissue, trimmed with diamonds. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and profusion of diamonds.

PRINCESS AUGUSTA. A celestial blue crape dress, richly embroidered with shaded silver; the border to correspond, of a rich cluster of fly leaves, and a fringe formed of medallions at the edge; a broad border at the bottom of the petticoat; train of celestial blue and silver tissue. The head-dress of diamonds, and a very full and elegant plume of white ostrich feathers.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH. A dress of white satin embroidered with silver, and ornamented with draperies of silver tissue, elegantly disposed in the Persian style; the right side of the dress a pointed drapery, terminating at the end with a Persian crescent, with Maltese ornaments suspended in dead and bright silver; large Persian crescents variously interspersed, looped up; robe, white and silver tissue, trimmed to correspond with the dress, with point-lace and diamonds.

PRINCESS SOPHIA. A dress of pale pink and silver tissue, ornamented with festoon draperies, embroidered with borders of silver foil in bunches of flowers, leaves, &c. and studded with beads, in dead and bright silver; handsome silver cords and tassels; robe, pink and silver tissue, trimmed with point-lace and diamonds.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES. A frock of a superb silver net, with a pink satin transparent slip under it.

PRINCESS SOPHIA OF GLOUCESTER—Wore an elegant dress of white satin elegantly ornamented with wreaths of lilacs and tassels; white satin train embroidered with silver. Head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

DUCHESS OF RICHMOND. White satin richly embroidered in wreaths of matted silver and stripes of silver spangles, looped up with rich bullion rope and tassels. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

DUCHESS OF RUTLAND. Dress entirely of lace; the petticoat of Honiton lace, over pink sarsnet; the two draperies of point-lace, intermixed with wreaths of roses and jessamine, the draperies looped up with two long chains of diamonds; pink silk train, trimmed with lace; girdle and stomacher of diamonds.

DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT. A

petticoat of white satin, with unique and elegantly rich draperies of lace, curiously embroidered with silk, suspended and united by chains of pearl beads tassels; the petticoat surrounded with a correspondent fringe of pearls; white satin train, trimmed with point lace and pearl. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Duchess of Buccleugh. Purple satin petticoat, trimmed with silver; elegant lace drapery, superbly ornamented with silver trimming and tassels.

Duchess of Montrose. A beautiful pale green crape petticoat, embroidered in pearl beads; draperies ornamented with Chinese fringe, intermixed with gold nails; train to correspond. Head-dress of green crape and white feathers.

Duchess Dowager of Leeds. A superb petticoat of white crape, richly embroidered in silver, with an elegant Etruscan border of the same; drapery tastefully fastened up with silver roleau brilliant tassels, and bouquets of blue anemone, a border round the bottom of blue and silver tissue, entwined with silver laurel; body and train of blue tissue, trimmed with point. Head-dress, ostrich feathers, with a profusion of diamonds.

Marchioness of Salisbury. An elegant and simple dress; white petticoat, embroidered with pearls; body and train of blue silk, and draperies of the same.

Marchioness of Waterford. Primrose satin richly embroidered in wreaths of silver willows; draperies looped up with rich bullion rope and tassels. Head-dress, primrose feathers and a profusion of diamonds.

Countess of Paulett—Wore a most superb dress of white satin, beautifully bordered with matted silver; drapery of lace, richly embroidered with silver and ornamented with rich tassels; silver tissue robe, elegantly trimmed with silver. Head-dress, silver tissue, feathers, and a profusion of diamonds.

Countess Frederique, Countess Louisa, and Countess Harriet D'Oenhausen. Head-dresses of white ostrich feathers; white crape petticoats, tastefully ornamented with natural flowers, arranged in cornucopia, formed of the richest Mechlin lace, with trains and borders of the most delicate pink, festooned with Parisian wreathing.

Countess of Portsmouth. A white satin petticoat, elegantly ornamented with draperies of lilac and gold tissue, fastened up with gold roleau and superb tassels; body and train of lilac and gold tissue, trimmed with gold and point. Head-dress, diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Countess of Camden. A silver grey satin petticoat, ornamented with an elegant silver embroidery in front; draperies of white net, embroidered with a superb silver Egyptian border and train of silver grey satin to correspond.

Countess of Grosvenor. A crape petticoat, embroidered with draperies and variegated silver cord, with a border at the bottom to correspond; train of sea-green satin. Head-dress of diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Countess of Cholmondeley. A white sarsnet body and train, trimmed with silver spangles; white satin petticoat, with draperies of patent lace and silver,

gracefully drawn up with rich bunches of varied carnations and liburnum. Head-dress, a plume of ostrich feathers.

VISCOUNTESS BARNARD. Petticoat most magnificently embossed in bright and dead real silver lama, over a buff silk petticoat; a train of buff silk and real silver trimming; sleeves and body trimmed with beautiful fine point-lace. Head-dress, ostrich feathers and diamonds.

RIGHT HON. LADY CAROLINE DOUGLAS. A lilac sarsnet train and petticoat, with an elegant black lace drapery, fancifully ornamented with bunches of lilac and other natural flowers; the bottom of the petticoat and the train finished with embossed shaded ribbon. Head-dress, rich plume of white feathers, bandeau of diamonds, with diamond aigrette; pearl and gold necklace, diamond ear-rings, &c.

LADY BROOKE. A white satin dress, with draperies of white net, richly embossed with silver, and edged with silver lilies, ornamented with wreaths of passion flowers. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

LADY C. SCOTT. A dress of lilac satin, with draperies of white net, beautifully ornamented with wreaths and bunches of pearl beads. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

LADY WATERPARK — Wore a dress of white satin, with blue crape draperies, fastened up with bunches of silver grapes, and ornamented with ropes and tassels of silver beads. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

LADY WARBURTON. A superb dress of white lace net over white satin; the draperies richly embroidered with a beautiful border of pearl beads, to imitate wreaths of roses. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

LADY IMHOFF. A rich yellow and silver crape petticoat, tastefully ornamented with silver lilies; train to correspond. Head-dress, yellow feathers and diamonds.

LADY CARNARVON. A green and silver Persian silk petticoat; drapery of beautiful Brussels lace, looped up and festooned with rich oriental amber beads; body and train, green and silver; sleeves of Brussels lace. Head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

LADY DUCIE. Rich lilac silk petticoat, covered with gossamer Brussels net-lace, enriched with stars; drapery of the same, looped up with rich silver cord and tassels, and serpentine roleau; body and train, lilac and Brussels net-lace. Head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

LADY GIBBS. White satin petticoat covered with purple-figured gossamer silk, enriched and beautifully interwoven with green and silver oak-leaves and silver acorns; drapery composed of rich cord and tassels, and broad silver ribbon; body and train, purple gossamer silk; sleeves of Brussels lace. Head-dress, purple diamonds and feathers.

LADY BAGOT. White crape petticoat over lilac, richly embroidered in silver oak-leaves and acorns, showered over with silver spangles, looped up with silver Ottoman cord and tassels; body and train white, and lilac, richly embroidered to correspond with the petticoat. Head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

LADY BEAUCHAMP PROCTOR. White satin petticoat composed of

crape, oriental pearls, and Brussels lace drapery, looped up with pearl cords and tassels; body and train, white satin, sleeves of Brussels lace. Head-dress, a beautiful display of diamonds and ostrich feathers.

Lady Orde. A white crape petticoat, richly embroidered in silver; train of pink sarsnet trimmed with silver. Head-dress of diamonds and feathers.

Lady Clayton. A white crape petticoat, draperies of the same, elegantly ornamented with different shades of blue beads; train of blue sarsnet. Head-dress to correspond.

Lady Abdy. A white crape petticoat, draperies elegantly trimmed with beads; train of the same, trimmed with beautiful lace. Head-dress, feathers and pearls.

Lady Bruce. A yellow crape petticoat, elegantly grouped with variegated carnations; train and head-dress to correspond.

Lady Mary Walpole. A white satin-dress, with Brussels lace draperies, elegantly festooned with garlands of white roses; train trimmed with Brussels lace. Head-dress, a plume of feathers, fastened with a wreath of diamonds.

Lady Sophia Barnard. An elegant dress of white satin and lace draperies, superbly bordered with matted silver, and richly embroidered with silver trimming, bullion cords and tassels completed the petticoat; robe of white net elegantly embroidered with silver to correspond, and superbly trimmed with Brussels lace.

Lady Mary Ross. Net over white satin, embroidered with wreaths of purple grapes, festooned with ropes and tassels. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady Mary Lindsay Crawford. White satin and net draparies, bordered with silver lame, looped up with cords and tassels. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady Jerningham. White satin draperies of net, most splendidly embroidered in showers of silver stars and spangles, edged with rich border of matted silver tulips. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

Lady Mary Long. White satin petticoat, with rich crape draperies, superbly embroidered with silver in the Grecian style; train of silver tissue trimmed with Brussels lace. Head-dress, a superb plume of feathers, fastened with a profusion of diamonds.

Lady Augusta Leith. A rich yellow satin petticoat, elegantly trimmed with point-lace draperies and Gofred crape, festooned with wreaths and bunches of liburnum; train of yellow satin, trimmed with liburnum and point-lace. Head-dress, a yellow plume of feathers with diamonds.

Lady Mary Paulett. A dress of white satin, lace drapery embroidered with silver, and ornamented with silver tassels; robe, white satin lace embroidered with silver, and trimmed with Brussels lace.

Lady Bolton. A dress of white and silver, superbly embroidered in borders of rich matted silver with spangled chenille draperies of white crape embroidered in matted silver and ornamented with tassels, white crape train embroidered with silver and trimmed with Brussels lace. Head-dress, with diamonds and feathers.

Lady Dundas. A yellow and silver petticoat, tastefully decorated with a Brussels lace drapery

and silver tassels, yellow sarsnet robe embroidered with silver, to correspond with the petticoat. Head-dress, diamonds and feathers.

HON. MISS PERCEVAL. Court-train and petticoat of blush-colored satin, the petticoat tastefully embroidered with silver, with a beautiful point net drapery embroidered with silver wreaths and sprigs; body and sleeves trimmed with rich point lace and silver belts.

HON. MISS WINDHAM. White satin petticoat, richly embroidered with silver, with primrose crape drapery, elegantly embroidered with silver grape vines, festooned with rich silver cord and tassels and primrose crape; train trimmed with rich Brussels point and silver. Head-dress, a profusion of diamonds, with silver bandeau, and plume of white ostrich feathers.

MISS COTTON. White dress, tastefully ornamented with wreaths and flowers.

MISS BONTIN. A white satin body and train; petticoat of satin richly ornamented with pearl beads, and festooned up with bunches of flowers.

MISS E. HARVEY. A white sarsnet body and train; petticoat with draperies of crape, and festooned up with bunches of roses: they had a very beautiful effect.

MISS GARTH. A rich white satin court-train and petticoat, the petticoat richly embroidered with silver, with a border and fringe composed of real peacock's feathers; the drapery of lace net, embroidered all over with silver sprigs and the tips of the peacock feathers, and looped up with superb silver cord and tassels; the train, body, and sleeves trimmed with a border of feathers and silver and rich point lace; the pocket-holes tastefully ornamented with silver.

MISS GORE. White satin draperies of pale pink crape, ornamented with blush roses.

ACCOUNT *of an* ELEPHANT HUNT.

(From a Calcutta Paper)

FOR the following authentic particulars of the late adventurous excursion from Hazaree Baug, in pursuit of two wild elephants, we are indebted to the pen of a correspondent:—

'On the 24th instant, at midnight, information was received that two wild elephants, of an uncommon size, had made their appearance within a few hundred yards of cantonments, and close to a village, the inhabitants of which were in the greatest alarm. No time was lost in dispatching all the public and private elephants on the station in pursuit of them; but, at day-break on the 25th, advice was brought, that their very superior size and apparent fierceness had rendered all attempts for their seisure unavailing, and that the most experienced driver we had was dangerously hurt, the elephant on which he rode having been struck to the ground by one of the wild ones, with whom it's companion had afterwards retreated to a sugar-cane plantation adjoining to the village of Juddeespore. The guns were then immediately ordered to this place. But it being desirable, in the first instance, to try every means of catching the

elephants, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood were assembled, with the assistance of Rajah —— Sing, and deep pits were prepared, on the edge of the sugar-cane, in which our elephants and people with the utmost difficulty contrived to retain these animals during the day. When the pits were reported ready, we repaired to the spot, and they were with much dexterity driven into them; but, unfortunately, one of the two did not prove sufficiently deep, and the elephant which escaped from it was seen, in the presence of many witnesses, to assist his companion with his trunk to extricate himself. Both were however, with much exertion, brought back to the sugar-cane, and no particular symptoms of vice or fierceness having appeared in the course of the day, it was thought adviseable to make another trial to catch them.

The bildars, therefore, were set to work, to deepen the old and prepare new pits against day-break, when it was proposed to make the final attempt. At four o'clock in the morning, however, they burst through all the guards, and making for a village at about three miles distance, entered it with so much rapidity, that the horsemen, who galloped in front of them, had not time to apprise every inhabitant of his danger; and it is lamentable to add, that one poor man was torn limb from limb, a child trodden to death, and two females wounded. Their destruction now became absolutely necessary; and, as they showed no inclination to quit the large village in which the mischief was done, we gained time to bring up the four-pounders, from which they soon received several round shot, and abundance of grape, each. The largest of the two was brought to the ground by a round shot in the head; but, after remaining there for a quarter of an hour apparently lifeless, he got up again as vigorous as ever. The desperation of both at this time exceeded all description. They made repeated charges of near an hundred yards at the guns; and, had it not been for the uncommon steadiness and bravery of the artillerymen, who more than once turned them off by shots in the head and body, when within a few paces of them, many dreadful casualties must have occurred. We were now obliged to desist for want of ammunition, and, before a fresh supply could be obtained, the elephants quitted the village, and, though streaming with blood from an hundred wounds, proceeded with inconceivable rapidity towards Hazaree Baug; they were at length brought up by the horsemen and our elephant, when within a very short distance of a crowded bazar; and ultimately, after many renewals of the most formidable and ferocious attacks upon the guns, they gave up the contest with their lives.

Nineteen four-pound shot have already been taken out of their bodies, and eight or ten more, it is supposed, will yet be found.

The Man of Business.

(From the History of Ralph Reybridge.)

AT the demise of her father Miss Reybridge was twenty-five:

her pretensions to personal beauty were very moderate; but a most amiable disposition, engaging manners, and a well-cultivated mind, made some amends for this deficiency. Notwithstanding the greatest attention to œconomy, her mother could save but little from her scanty annuity; and, as her life declined, she had the mortification of reflecting that a few fleeting months might deprive her beloved child of her only friend, and leave her indigent and unprotected.

Whilst the good lady was ruminating on the consequences that might ensue, the unexpected arrival of a very rich, though distant relation of her late husband, from Lisbon, inspired her with the most pleasing hopes. Mr. Carberry had been abroad fifteen years; she knew he was still unmarried, and with few, if any claims upon him; and notwithstanding he bore the character of a gloomy, rather than a sociable man, she did not hesitate a moment in resolving to cultivate his friendship and court his protection. A letter of welcome was accordingly sent to him, and an invitation to reside at Woodburn, Mrs. Reybridge's house, in Essex, till he could be settled to his satisfaction in town. The epistle was couched in terms the most kind and respectful, and a short time after replied to as follows:

'*To Mrs. Deborah Reybridge.*

'Madam,

'Your's of the 21st ult. received — great deal of business on hand, but peradventure may come your way shortly, and will give you a call. Your husband's dead, I hear. Sorry to hear it. There is a small account between us, by which there will appear a balance in my favor of £22 16 4¾ — twenty-two pounds sixteen shillings and fourpence three farthings, which I think it regular to inform you about, you being administratrix to my cousin's will; but don't mean to boggle with you about the discharge — Compliments to miss, and rest

'Your humble servant,

'RALPH CARBERRY.

London, Oct. 5, 17 .'

Mrs. Reybridge was a woman of some discrimination, and, although the first perusal of the above letter had rather depressed than raised the hopes she had so fondly cherished, yet, on a stricter examination, she thought there was more of the self-importance of a man of business about it, than the insensibility of a griping miser; and was, on the whole, better pleased with the style of it than she would have been had it contained the most flattering professions of friendship.

A fortnight subsequent to it's receipt, the writer made his appearance at Woodburn, and was received by both the mother and daughter with as much cordiality as it was possible to express towards a sallow, meagre, little man, whose black, bushy eyebrows had been contracted by habitual frowning, and whose whole deportment denoted a mind infected by peevishness and irritability. After the first salutations he fixed his eyes steadily upon Miss Reybridge —

'What,' said he, 'this is your daughter, hey?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the old lady mildly; 'this is my Emily — you can have no recollection of her, I think; she was but a little romping girl when you left England.'

'Aye, aye,' continued Mr. Carberry, 'a pretty kettle of fish your wiseacre husband made of it with his speculations and stuff. And now, dame, you must look devilish sharp to prevent this poor girl from becoming a beggar.'

Shocked as Mrs. Reybridge was by the indelicacy and apparent inhumanity of this and many succeeding speeches, she had resolution enough to check every indignant sentiment; and, during the few days of the old cynic's stay, was unremitting in the attentions she thought due to the relation of a lamented husband, though she no longer presumed to indulge a hope that he would take an interest in her daughter's future welfare. On the night, however, preceding his departure, an accident happened, which was the means of fulfilling her most sanguine expectations.

'But this daughter of yours, dame,' exclaimed Mr. Carberry, as he finished his last dish of tea, 'what do you intend to do with her?'

'I was thinking, sir,' replied Mrs. Reybridge, 'of placing her with a very respectable woman, a milliner, at Bristol. My Emily is industrious, and I have little doubt of her giving satisfaction.'

'Well,' replied the old man, the wages of industry are more creditable than those we see bestowed on ......'

But here he was suddenly seised with a violent pain and giddiness in his head, a complaint to which he had been subject for the last five years of his life. On this occasion, the attention of Emily was eager and interesting; and when, in consequence of the remedies she administered for his relief, he began slowly to recover, her anxiety appeared to him so lively, so natural, and so touching, that in spite of his acidity, and the cynical distrust with which, from having been often deceived himself, he had long regarded the actions of others, he could not help being moved. After his disorder had in a great measure abated, he surveyed his young nurse with a more scrutinising attention than he had hitherto done, as if anxious to sift to the very bottom of her heart. The remembrance of her father at that instant shot across the mind of Emily, and the tear that stole softly down her cheek gave additional interest to the benevolence and sincerity that beamed therefrom. The old gentleman withdrew his eyes, and fixing them on the ground, remained in a state of seeming irresolution. Mrs. Reybridge remarked his perplexity, and drew from it a favorable construction. The opportunity was not to be lost — 'I was speaking to you, sir,' said she, 'of the employment I had marked out for my daughter; it would, however, be doubly satisfactory to me if your approbation .....'

Mr. Carberry here interrupted her with a 'pish,' that went to the old lady's heart. She remained silent, and the subject was soon resumed by him.

'I don't like milliners,' cried he suddenly; 'then,' turning to Miss Reybridge, 'you are not strong enough for so much work, child, hey?'

There was something bordering upon a smile on the old man's countenance, as he looked at Miss Reybridge, but it was scarcely discernible.

'Resolution and perseverance,' replied Emily, 'will, I hope, supply the place of strength. Habit will render every new exertion less painful than the last, and the consciousness of fulfilling an act of duty will always be sweet and consoling to me.'

'You would then,' said Carberry, 'disdain, I suppose, to be considered and relieved as an object of charity, whilst you retained all this fine resolution and perseverance, hey?'

Mrs. Reybridge sat in trembling suspense: her Emily had been taught to distinguish between a proper and a blameable pride; but it was difficult, on the present occasion, to exert one without incurring the imputation of possessing the other; how much then was her heart relieved by the following answer —

'Charity, my dear sir, admits of various significations. If you mean that I should disdain to live upon the precarious produce of accidental charity, I confess I should so; but I should think myself guilty of an unpardonable weakness, were I rashly to reject an establishment that might place me not only in a state of comfort and independence myself, but in a condition to render those about me comfortable and independent.'

'Humph!' muttered Carberry: 'well, we must see what can be done, Mrs. Reybridge,' continued he, rising and taking a candle. 'I shall be up and gone to-morrow before you breakfast, and I must not be put out of my way; therefore, do not say a single word to detain me. As to Emily, who, to do her justice, seems to be a good-natured girl enough, I must consider about her. I have borrowed a good deal of her time and conversation since I have been here, and it is regular that a balance should be struck between us; but mind, I am a man of business, and must suffer no interruption; so let the writing apparatus be put in my room — Good-night, good-night.' Thus saying, he retired, leaving the ladies in a state of anxiety easier to be conceived than described.

In the morning, although Mrs. Reybridge rose earlier than usual, her guest had breakfasted and was gone. To have baulked his humor, she prudently concluded, would have been useless and dangerous; yet she felt that the old man deserved more attention at her hands than it would ever be in her power to bestow. Upon Miss Reybridge's appearance, a servant presented this amiable young woman with a small packet.

Gracious heaven! what were the emotions of her heart when the contents became known! A letter was the first paper that caught her attention: she opened it and read as follows —

'*To Miss Reybridge.*

'My dear girl,

'Tell your mother, that her late husband's debt must lie over, till she chooses to treat me with less hospitality. I herewith inclose the amount total of what is due to you for value received, as per sundry obligations, viz.

By a modest and dutiful carriage and behaviour	£ 3,000 0 0
By diffidence mingled with good sense in conversation	2,000 0 0
By sundry consoling and affectionate attentions, during a short but severe fit of illness	5,000 0 0
Total	£10,000 0 0

Yours truly
(Errors excepted)
RALPH CARBERRY.

P.S. Charity is an amiable virtue; indulge it. Don't send me any letters about gratitude; I have not time to read them.'

The papers inclosed in this extraordinary epistle were bank bills and drafts to the above amount.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT *of a* SUTTEE, *or the* BURNING *of a* HINDOO WIDOW *with the Body of her deceased* HUSBAND.

(From a Calcutta Paper.)

BEING informed that a suttee was about to take place in the vicinity of my house (in the neighbourhood of Calcutta) I repaired to the spot, in company with a friend, instigated by a strong and natural curiosity, to observe narrowly the deportment of a human being about to take a voluntary and public leave of existence, and believing, from what we had heard of similar cases, that our feelings would not be shocked by any open exhibition of the actual pains of dissolution. I do not recollect to have seen any account of a suttee, which did not, upon the whole, tell rather favorably for the humanity of those whom an imperious ordinance of religion calls upon to preside or officiate at such ceremonials. I think it, therefore, a duty which I owe to the cause of truth, to record at least one instance on the other side of the question. With this view, I beg leave to address myself to you, in the hope you will give the narration a place in your valuable newspaper, when you have nothing more interesting or novel to insert.

The suttee in question took place at a spot by the river side, about a quarter of a mile below Barnagore, at eleven in the morning. We arrived about half an hour before that time, and found the widow bathing in the river, surrounded by a troop of friends, chiefly men. It was then low water, and the deep mud left by the tide prevented our approaching sufficiently near to observe with accuracy the ceremonies that were performing. Our attention was attracted to the pile, which was placed about high water mark. It was not altogether more than $4\frac{1}{2}$ or 5 feet long, to the best of our observation, and consisted merely of some long billets of chopped sun-dry wood, fresh and green from the bazar, retained in their place by four stakes driven into the ground at the angles. The whole was exceeding little, if at all longer or broader than one of the common cots used by the natives. The deceased was supported in a sitting posture by two men, close to the pile, and some more billets of wood, with four or

five bundles of dry brushwood and reeds, lay ready for use. The whole of the ceremonies observed on the occasion were such as are usually gone through, and as have been described so often in books. The widow was dressed in a robe or sheet of bright red silk, and had her hair hanging loose and disheveled, and stuck through with many wooden combs; her forehead was painted with yellow ochre, or opiment, and she had no other dress or ornament whatever. From the by-standers we learned, that her husband was a common washerman, and that it was not expected by any one that she would have resolved to burn herself, especially as she had a child three years old, and as her relations had offered to maintain them both, if she would consent to live. I shall not take up your time by detailing the many ceremonies that were performed. The body of the husband was placed on it's right side, and in due time she ascended and lay down by it's side, facing it, and literally locked in it's arms. So short was the pile, that the bye-standers were obliged to bend the necks of both very much, to enable the pile to contain them. During all this 'dreadful note of preparation,' from first to last, the widow preserved the utmost, the most entire fortitude and composure, or rather apathy, and was unmoved even at parting with her child! In her procession round the pile, she was supported and hurried through the crowd by many men, who held her by the arms and shoulders, and made the populace give way. From this we at first concluded her to be intoxicated, but were afterwards convinced of our mistake, by seeing the steadiness of and perfect composure with which she sprinkled the corpse of her husband, and mounted on the funeral pile entirely unassisted and alone. We stood within six or seven feet of the pile, and could not be mistaken. The remaining billets of wood were now laid on the bodies, with a scanty handful of dry reeds here and there. But the point to which I wish especially to draw the attention of your readers is, that thick strong ropes, thoroughly soaked in water, were previously tied round the bodies of the living and the dead, in many places, to preclude the possibility of escape, and in seeming anticipation of the dreadful scene that followed. One Bramin only was present at the ceremony, and, as soon as all was prepared, he offered to the widow's child (in the arms of another) a lighted brand. The child drew back in affright; when they seised it's hand by force, and applied the fire to the head, and afterwards to the foot of the pile. The shouting and noise of the crowd had been incessant from the beginning, but at this instant it was incredibly loud. Four strong green bamboos were now laid across the whole of the pile, which were strongly held by eight men, so as to keep down all attempts of the miserable creature within to rise; a precaution not useless, if it be allowed to conjecture from what we observed at the foot of the pile, near to which we stood. A quantity of ghee, not, I should imagine, a pint in all, was scattered on the pile, the scantiness of this and the brushwood, and the greenness of the billets, caused the pile to burn very slow, and rendered it necessary to apply fresh fire at

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

London Fashionable Walking & Full Dress.

one time. I scarcely know how to paint in colors that shall not disgust and shock our readers, the horrible close of the scene. Suffice it to say, that soon after the fire took effect, the wretched woman within, in her torment, stretched forth her leg, which now protruded from the knee, beyond the scanty pile; and by the quickness with which she attempted to withdraw it, on it's touching a burning brand, it was evident that she was still too sensible to the tortures she must then have been enduring. Owing to the brushwood being scattered only at the extremities of the pile, the fire there was fiercest. In a minute or two more, the scorched and mutilated limb was again thrust out, and slowly consumed before our outraged eyes, while the tremulous and convulsive motion which it exhibited to the last (for many minutes), too plainly showed that sensation and life yet existed in the miserable wretch within. A kind of incredulous horror at what was passing, had till now riveted us to the spot; but the scene became too shocking, and we quickly retired. I ought to observe, that the utmost indifference, without any symptom of the remotest compassion, prevailed among the whole of the spectators, not excepting the mother and sister of the widow, who were pointed out to us among the crowd.

LONDON FASHIONS.

1. FULL dress. For the head a tiara of dead gold, set in with jewels, pearls interwoven with the hair; ear-rings of gold. Dress of white leno, trimmed with narrow edging of lace; scarf of pink Italian gauze, tied on the left shoulder with a gold cord, the tassels descending nearly to the feet; shoes of the same color, with small gold roses. Gloves of white kid.

2. Promenade dress. Cap of white satin and lace, with artificial flowers. Dress of white muslin, with ruff collar, and ornamented with fancy border; long cloak of yellow silk, trimmed with broad black lace, lined with light blue sarcenet, and put on according to the taste of the wearer. Shoes to correspond; parasol of white silk; gloves of York tan.

ACCOUNT *of the New* COMIC OPERA, *in three Acts, called* 'OH! THIS LOVE!' *or, the* MASQUERADERS;' *performed for the first time at the Theatre at the Lyceum, on Tuesday, June* 12.

CHARACTERS.

Count Florimond	Mr. Phillips.
Marinelli	Mr. Horn.
Baron Romanza	Mr. J. Smith.
Tornado	Mr. Dowton.
Benvolio	Mr. Smith.
Luminati	Mr. Oxberry.
Daub	Mr. Knight.
Montalvi	Mr. Marshall.
Del Dupo	Mr. Fisher.
Hubut	Mr. Chatterley.
Diego	Mr. Maddocks.

Villagers, Mr. Miller and Mr. Lee.

The Countess Belflora	Miss Griglietti.
Lauretta	Mrs. Orger.
Signora Luminati	Mrs. Henley.
Rosaline Montalvi	Miss Kelly.
Signora Rotunda	Mrs. Bland.
Attendant	Miss Jones.

Villagers, Mrs. Chatterley and Mrs. Caulfield.

Chorus of villagers, attendants, &c.

Scene—Milan and the adjacent country.

THE following is a sketch of the story—

The Count Florimond, during a runaway expedition in his youth, conceives an invincible passion for the Countess Belfiora, who, to indulge a romantic fancy, had at that time assumed the habit and character of a peasant girl. She rejects the suit of her young admirer, whose merit, nevertheless, leaves a deep impression on her heart. Her friend, Signora Lauretti, with her uncle, Hector Tornado, a fierce Tyrolean, who, at the age of forty-five, is seised with a most inveterate spirit of heroism, are visiting Signora Benvolio, near Milan, where they are to meet young Luminati, a professed suitor of Lauretta, and his mother. On their way Lauretta is assailed by the attendants of the Baron Romanza, by mistake, for Rosaline Montalvi, whom he had carried off from her father's house, and who afterwards escapes. She is rescued by the Count Florimond, and Marinelli, a young man of high spirit, but fallen fortunes, who is traveling in the habit of a friar, to avoid being recognised in his decay.

A sympathy hence arises between Marinelli and Lauretta, and Florimond, by the same event, again meet with the countess, who is, however, concealed by a veil, and who, having contracted an engagement with the Baron Romanza, is at first prevented from inviting a renewal of his suit. Tornado, in the mean time, rescues Rosaline herself, in the disguise of a Savoyard. The countess also meets with Rosaline's father, as a wandering harper, and, on discovering the baron's conduct, writes to him to dissolve the contract.

Signora Luminati, affecting virtue, and her son Leo, a spoiled booby, on arriving at Milan, encounter Daub, an English refugee, who, from having formerly been a sign-painter at home, now imposes on travelers as a great artist. Daub engages to take young Luminati's portrait for Lauretta, and for that purpose touches up an old William Tell, which is sent to her. Tornado, in the heat of his Quixotism, seises on this as an affront, and endeavours in vain to get Luminati to fight him. His cowardice, however, entirely loses him the favor of Tornado, and Marinelli being recognised by Benvolio, an affluent vine-planter, as the son of a man who was the source of his opulence, the latter insists on a rich repayment of his debt of gratitude. By this means, and Tornado's admiration of his courage, Marinelli becomes the successful candidate for the hand of Lauretta, and Florimond eventually finds a relenting mistress in the countess.

A variety of incidents occur in the baron's pursuit of Rosaline; and Daub's courtship with the landlady of the Angel, whose sign he replaces with a brilliant production of his own. On being released by the countess, however, the baron at once evinces the strength of his affection for Rosaline, appeases her champion Tornado, and silences the reproaches that assail him, by introducing her as the Baroness Romanza.

The labor of the night rested principally upon the merits of Messrs. Phillips and Dowton, strongly aided by the circumstance of having Miss Griglietti for an associate in the toil. It was the first time that this young lady had appeared before the public in a theatrical investment, and it gives us satisfaction in being enabled to announce, that she may be an ornament and a buttress to her profession; and we are inclined to augur broadly in her favor, because there was a delicate timidity in her manner, which, when ripened into honest confidence, is infinitely more charmful than any thing derivable from an innate presumption.

A sentiment of disapprobation was expressed by the audience in the third act, but which was entirely dissipated by the taste, science, and feeling with which Mr. Phillips and Miss Griglietti executed the following duet:—

Countess. Ah! then in vain to give thee rest,
And chace my image from thy breast,
Has still been time's endeavour.
Florimond. Yes, doubt me not, by every tear,
That I have shed for thee, I swear
My heart is thine for ever!
Countess. Thy truth prevails—no more can mine
Resist it's power.
Florimond.——— O! bless divine!
Countess. Thou ne'er wilt change?
Florimond.——— No, never!

Both.

Florimond. Oh! doubt me not; by ev'ry tear
Countess. Then doubt me not; by every tear
Florimond. That I have shed for thee, I swear,
Countess. That thou hast shed for me, I swear,
Both. My heart is thine for ever!

The overture and music of this opera, it is asserted, was entirely new, and composed by Mr. P. King; yet, though it was scientific in some instances, and tolerable in all, there was no trace of original genius that met the ear; no governing and sweet melody, which the auditor would voluntarily recollect in his closet! The following ballad, which was sung by Mrs. Bland, with her usual *naiveté* and fascination, is the only one that seemed to create interest enough to be encored:

A roguish young spark was his passion pronouncing,
To win a fond maid who ne'er took it amiss;
Her heart to her lips from her bosom came bouncing;
And slily he stole it away in a kiss.
Ah, silly maid!
'Twere well if this kiss were the end of my story—
And luckless the day, very short was her bliss!
She followed the youth, and he made it his glory
To break the fond heart he had stole with a kiss.
Ah, silly maid!

This piece, we understand, is written by Mr. Kenny, the author of several successful dramas of a secondary character, in which class this opera may be placed. There is but little originality in either it's plot or characters; yet the difficulty of creating new situations and incidents, and of delineating new characters, becomes greater as such pieces are multiplied, inasmuch as the regular or irregular operations of the giant passions of the human breast have been now nearly exhausted by ingenuity; and we can scarcely look forward to the production of any dramatic agent that is totally new in feature; hence we must be, in some

sort, contented with the fragments of former bards, newly hashed up; and if the remnants are ably sprinkled with satirical pepper, and attic salt, we must not be too eager to take a retrospective view over the shoulders of criticism, to ascertain the sources from whence they have been purloined; because modern dramatists are admitted pilferers by a right, which dulness has imposed upon necessity, and which usage, perhaps, has too obediently confirmed.

The opera was given out for a second representation by Mr. Dowton, with some slight marks of opposition.

A CHARACTER.

ISMENE is an extraordinary beauty; her figure is noble, candor is painted in her countenance, and grace and simplicity reign in her manners and person. The birth of Ismene, and her riches, joined to so many other natural advantages, seem likely to engage general attention. Nobody speaks of the beauty of Ismene, or praises her charms; you find her in a circle, and are surprised she is not distinguished; you compare her with those who are the general subjects of conversation — how many celebrated women, you naturally exclaim, are inferior to her. Ismene loves her husband, and is attached to her duty; she partakes with moderation of the amusements proper for her sex and age, and follows the fashions without being ridiculous. She has no lover, because the most audacious would despair of corrupting her. Ismene has never hung out the sign of beauty, and beauty itself is not successful without being announced, accompanied with fawning and pretensions.

ON CENSORIOUSNESS.

CENSORIOUSNESS, in all it's forms and degrees, is distinguished by a certain illiberal and contracted disposition of mind, as well as keen rancor of spirit, which inclines those who are actuated by it, to judge both of the principles and conduct of others from the narrow and limited standard that exists in their own minds; and by a conformity or nonconformity to which they, with equal weakness, arrogance, and asperity, determine at once the worth or depravity of the character, or behaviour, which come under cognizance.

ON WIT.

WIT is a knack which may be readily acquired by habit. Nothing is more common than for those who are continually aiming at it, amongst a thousand vapidities, to hit off two or three good things in the course of a day; to obtain which, however, they reduce their whole brain to a miserable jingle, and are sure of never arriving at any thing great.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

ODE

FOR HIS MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY, 1810.

By H. J. Pye, Esq. P. L.

WHEN loud the wintry tempest roars,
When dark the exhalations rise,
When dash the billows 'gainst the shores,
And sable clouds obscure the skies;
Cheerful amid the dreary scene
Hope looks around with eye serene,
To happier hours with Spring again
Shall show her renovated reign,
And leading on the rosy hours,
Shall strew the teeming earth with flowers;
With young delight each bosom cheer,
And wake to joy again the variegated year.

Or if it chance the influence bland
Be check'd by adverse skies awhile,
By Eurus' rudder gales if fann'd
Uncertain April cease to smile:
When Maia's genial breezes blow;
With richer dyes, and warmer glow,
When June appears; fleets every cloud away,
And all creation hails the animating ray.

Then from Ambition's iron reign,
The embattled wall, the ensanguin'd plain,
The inmates of this favor'd isle
Look fondly with expectant smile,
To that blest hour when Britons sing
The birth auspicious of a parent king;
And as the clouds of winter fly
When June illumes the genial sky,
So may the threat'ning storm that lowers
O'er wide Europa's trembling powers,
Like wintry clouds dispersing fade away
Before the radiant beams that gild this happy day.

When the proud Persian vainly tried
In impotence of rage to chain the tide,
Old Ocean mock'd the impious boast,
And Grecia triumph'd o'er his naval host.
Such Gallia's vaunt, and such the fate
That on such empty vaunt shall wait.
For while she threats in angry mood
From every shore our commerce to exclude,
Britannia's arms beyond the Atlantic main
Explore new regions of her golden reign.
And while each isle that studs the western wave,
Yields to her daring prows and warriors brave,
Her barks commercial crowd the azure deep,
Her fleets each hostile sail from Ocean's bosom sweep.

THE RECONCILIATION.

COME, give me a kiss! wipe away the sad tear,
It grieves me when sighs and your sorrows I hear;

Sure 'tis best to forget, whoever was wrong;
From those deep shades of silence we'll hurry along.
Let us echo each sound that vibrates with love,
'Tis the bliss of this union makes heav'n above.
O moments most precious, enjoyments most dear,
When the seasons are love to the close of the year!
How foolish to wander! remembrance must live,
Not a flower we meet such fragrance can give.
Of peace there is none in anxiety's breast;
'Tis a high swelling sea, not a promise of rest.
Our cup may be bitter — there's always a foe,
The path will be rugged wherever we go;
But Love in the goblet shall drop a sweet charm,
And our fortitude bear an invincible arm.
When life's vision of joy and happiness fades,
When the sky overhangs with Death's darkest shades,
The morning shall rise unfadingly bright,
And the day everlasting shall conquer the night!

S. P., Jun.

THE YOUTH AND THE ECHO.

BESIDE a stream a youth reclin'd,
Revolving in his pensive mind
The ills and troubles that abound
In this vexatious world aronnd;
And much his troubled senses ran
On disappointments felt by man;
Till passion glowing into fire,
He thus began to vent his ire: —

'O, that I could this moment die!'
When list'ning Echo answer'd — 'Why?'
'Ha! who art thou, who durst intrude,'
Cries he, 'upon my solitude?
Has not my grief just cause to flow?'
Responsive Echo whispers, 'No.'
'Begone!' he says, 'thy jeering cease.'
'Whoe'er thou art,' says Echo, 'Peace!'
'Peace! 'tis a stranger to my soul.'
'And ever will,' says Echo, 'fool!'
'What! when I'm burden'd with distress,
Must I be still?' — Says Echo, 'Yes.'
'Am I not press'd with greater woe
Than others feel?' — She answers, 'No.'
'Friend,' he replied, 'if thou wilt hear,
I'll tell my sorrows to thine ear:
In this sad world I often see
Full many far more blest than me;
What makes my fate so hard to bear?'
Said he, — while Echo answered, 'Care.'
'The man of wealth is bless'd indeed;
He feels no care, he dreads no meed;
His days, his years in pleasure spent,
What can he lack?' — Says she, 'Content.'
'Indeed!' he cries, 'and can it be,
That wealth does not from trouble free;
Who then is bless'd?' — Says Echo, 'Thee.'
'How am I bless'd? deceiver, say;
When did I spend a joyful day?
If I have joys (a wretched elf!)
What blinds my sight?' — Says she, 'Yourself.'
'Then deign to tell me, friendly guide,
What is the screen?' — Says Echo, 'Pride.'
'Friend! thou hast opened mine eyes;
Thy niggard answers make me wise;
Henceforth my blessings I will prize:
In future, thankfully I'll own
That I have gifts — Heaven's gracious boon:
And when I'm tempted to repine,
I'll think upon these words of thine;
I'll go, nor e'er be mine own foe,
Or my fear's slave.' — Says Echo, 'Go.'

Elizabeth Baxter.

ON POETRY.

INSCRIBED TO A FRIEND.

YOU bid me depicture the pleasures that flow
For those on whom Phœbus his gifts does bestow;

And truly, dear girl, you no subject could
choose
That better agrees with the fire of my
Muse.
And first, then, the thoughts by Apollo
inspir'd,
By gales from Parnassus the bosom thus
fir'd,
On Fancy's light pinions we venture to
rise,
And fondly imagine to soar to the skies.
Now mark well his mind who 's absorb'd
in a theme,
No troubles oppress him — his being 's a
dream;
He tastes of no joys that to others appear,
He wanders in thought through a hap-
pier sphere.
Now warm from his heart flows the rap-
turous strain,
He sips of the streams none but poets can
claim:
And now through the vales of Arcadia
he roves,
Converses with shepherds and sings of
their loves:
Here Corydon mourns o'er his Philida's
tomb,
Whilst buried himself in a grove's sable
gloom;
There sits poor Alexis, and tells to the
wind
That his lambkins have stray'd, or his
Daphne 's unkind.
Or, changing the subject, he visits the
cells
Where the nymph of the rivers, or Am-
phitrite dwells;
Their grottoes of coral and amber he sees,
And rifles the wonders contain'd in the
seas.
Now wandering back thro' past ages
he tries
To view antient heroes, and bids them
arise;
Here Phœnix-like Carthage once more
on the plain,
From ashes long burn'd, takes her station
again;
Again with Rome's warriors he bids her
engage,
To please him they fight, and renew all
their rage.
But 'midst all the stores he possesses
alone,
There 's one yet remains, in peculiar his
own:
Altho' in a cottage at home he may
dwell,
He can rove thro' the world, and it's his-
tory tell;
Can compass the seasons, and easily may
Live all their vicissitudes o'er in a day.
Sometimes see him acting the lover's gay
part;
Observe the soft sentiments spring from
his heart;
Now high as the stars he exalts her fair
charms,
Or praising her eyes, or her hands, or
her arms;
His pen to a mortal gives heavenly grace,
And would fain 'mongst the angels allot
her a place.
As when the poor Philomel mourns thro'
the grove,
And tells to the moon the sad tale of her
love:
Now wide thro' the vale flies her charm-
ing complaint,
Till at length tender pity can know no
restraint:
So roll his rich numbers, and smoothly
refine,
Till we read his whole heart in each vi-
gorous line:
Ah, Mira! believe not the passionate
strain,
Or quickly you 'll sink to a mortal again!
To sum up the benefits poets enjoy,
They 're ne'er at a loss how their time to
employ;
'Tis said they 're possess'd of a sense more
refin'd,
Than falls to the general lot of mankind.
The Muse is a pleasing companion to me,
She frees me from sorrow, and fills me
with glee;
And while her fair prospects I have in my
view,
I envy not gold from the mines of Peru.

ELIZABETH BAXTER.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADES

IN THE MAGAZINE FOR MARCH.

WITH *laudable* * resentment fir'd,
Young Edward's heart beat high;
His country's vaunting foes to meet,
Avenge her wrongs, or die.

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* 1st Charade — laudable.

'I go,' he cried; 'my friend, farewell!
Behold! the ship in view;
Fear not; I shall again return
To *Friendship* *, love, and you.'

JOANNA SQUIRE.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADES

IN THE MAGAZINE FOR APRIL.

WHEN twilight throws it's dusky veil
O'er Nature's face so fair,
The wary *Woodman* † quits his toil,
The welcome meal to share.

He lifts the latch, whilst stamm'ring tongues
Lisp forth the welcome name,
Play round, or climb, in jealous haste,
The usual kiss to claim.

Meantime, the partner of his toils
Spreads out her frugal board;
Health gives the zest, and sweet Content
Sits smiling at the board.

Thrice happy pair! in *wedlock* ‡ true,
May grief ne'er find your cot,
Nor proud Ambition's whispers mar,
The *comfort* ‖ of your lot.

JOANNA SQUIRE.

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* 2d Charade, Friendship.
† 1st ———, Woodman.
‡ 2d ———, Wedlock.
‖ 3d ———, Comfort.

STANZAS

TO MISS L—— G*******,

OF BOURN, LINCOLNSHIRE.

LOUISA! may I dare profane
The whiteness of that hallow'd breast?
There scorn restraint and cold disdain,
There find a solace to my pain,
And softly sink to rest?

Louisa! may I hope to share
The pity of those tender eyes,
Whose magic glances soothe my care,
And bid me still serenely bear
The world's perplexities?

Louisa! may I dream of bliss
Lovers alone can well define;
The soft embrace — the burning kiss —
O! may I dream of joy like this
While gazing on thy form divine!

O, G*******! 'twere in vain to trace
The figures which thy words disclose!
I catch them in poetic chase,
They serve my vagrant songs to grace
And meliorate my woes!

I seldom look but that I find
Some lineament of heaven!
Stamp'd as it were to speak thy mind,
More pure, ennobled, and refin'd,
Than Nature first had giv'n!

O! if I err, the error 's sweet,
For all thy glances say,
When shall we break the dear deceit,
When make each anxious hope complete,
Where Hymen lights the way?

And canst thou, love! reject a thought
Which bids such visions rise?
Say, canst thou spurn what Truth has wrought,
Altho' it be not what it ought
In DOVE's fastidious eyes?

O! if the lov'd ideas please,
Let 's nourish them with care;
And while Affection's balmy breeze
Transports us to the port of peace,
Let every DOVE despair!!

S. G—L—M.

Grafton-Street, 1810.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, March 24.

OUR military preparations are continued with great activity; but the scarcity and dearness of provisions are daily increasing.

The greater part of the janissaries have marched to join the army under the grand vizier. We expect a great number more from Egypt and Asia in the course of a few days. Every thing, in short, appears to denote a continuation of hostilities. It is however affirmed, on the other hand, that Baron De Hubsch, the Danish chargé d'affaires, has received instructions to endeavour to mediate a reconciliation between the belligerent powers. It is, at least, true, that he has had a conference with the ministers of the Porte, and dispatched a courier to St. Petersburgh.

Mr. Adair is still here, but his departure seems to be at no distance. He comforts his countrymen with an assurance that they will be well treated by the Porte during his absence.

April 15. The hopes we had of a speedy peace with Russia seem to vanish. It is positively affirmed, that Russia proposed, as the basis of peace, the cession of Moldavia and Wallachia. The reis effendi answered, that such sacrifices could only be expected from a power that had experienced the greatest disasters, and the Porte was not at present in that situation. It is to be feared that this answer will cause the negotiation to be broken off, and that Russia will again prohibit the exportation of corn, a circumstance which would augment the scarcity felt at Constantinople.

Seville, April 29. By a decree of the 18th of this month, his majesty has convoked all the cortes of the kingdoms. This measure has produced a lively sensation throughout Spain. It is long since the junta promised the convocation of the cortes, and amused the nation with a vain hope. Spain will owe this benefit to it's new sovereign.

The members composing the municipality of Jaen, charged by a decree with the nomination of the officers of the civic guards, wishing to give an example of courage and disinterestedness, have all enrolled themselves as soldiers, and have given the places of officers to private citizens.

Bayonne, May 3. The following details relative to the siege of Astorga, may be relied on as authentic. General Loison, on arriving in front of that city, sent in a summons, which had no effect. The general, having no artillery with him but field-pieces, could not undertake decisive operations. He resolved, therefore, to wait a few days without breaking ground. This delay inspired the besieged with such insolence, that their commander would not receive a letter which was subsequently addressed to him by the Duke of Abrantes. His excellency resolved upon a quick chastisement of their temerity. He ordered a part of the division Clausel, and the division Solignac, to commence the operations preparatory to the siege. They were terminated with the utmost celerity.

The moment the heavy artillery arrived from Valladolid, a cannonade of forty-eight hours took place, when a practicable breach was effected. The besieged then sent a flag of truce to the general, who gave them for answer, that he would order an assault, if they did not surrender within one hour. The flag of truce returned; and, at the expiration of the hour, no answer having come, his excellency ordered a battalion of picked men to mount the breach, under the command of his aide-de-camp, Captain Lagrave. Our grenadiers and voltigeurs instantly advanced, and gained the top of the breach amidst the hottest fire.

The besieged had, in the rear of the breach, pulled down a house, the foundations of which formed an extensive fosse, which it was impossible to pass; and night coming on, the storming party could not penetrate further. Our troops remained on the breach during the night of the twenty-first, and at four in the morning the attack was about to be resumed with fresh vigor, when the besieged, being alarmed, sent two more flags of truce to the general, who, consulting only his anxiety to save the lives of his brave soldiers, granted a capitulation, according to which the garrison, amounting to between 5 and 6,000 men, were to lay down their arms, and be marched prisoners to France. Our troops took possession of the place on the following day.

May 4. Letters from Spain state, that on the 5th instant Col. Beaussain entered Olbera, after dispersing and destroying 200 rebels, who attempted to defend it; that, on the 7th, he killed 2000 of the insurgents near Grazalema; and that, in another reconnoitring expedition, he dispersed and destroyed a body of 1500 men.

The King of Spain returned to Seville on the 12th ult. The streets through which he passed were decorated with tapestry and flowers, and bands of music were stationed at different intervals.

Naples, May 5. It is said, that his majesty will set out for the Calabrias on the 10th or 15th of this month.

The fortress of Santa Maura, after ten days' bombardment, has been obliged to capitulate. According to the terms of the capitulation, General Camus, and 22 officers, have been brought to Brindisi in an English flag of truce.

The isle of Corfu, considering it's strong position, the number of troops there, and the quantity of provisions of of every kind collected for the use of the population and garrison, can give no uneasiness with respect to any attempt of the enemy, who, indeed, does not show any sign of even intending an attack.

Santa Maura was a bad position, which could not be defended. On the 3d of this month there was rather a serious engagement between the flotilla of his majesty and a large English frigate. After a conflict of three hours, the enemy retired. We have to regret the loss of many brave men who fell in this action: it took place near Ischia.

Cadiz, May 15. The French apply themselves to fortify all the points of the coast they occupy, and especially that of Trocadero; but the gun-boats and bomb vessels harass them night and day, inflict several losses on their army, and fill their hospitals.

Provisions of every description are at present even more plentiful in this city than in times of peace, and some articles also much cheaper; while the French, on the contrary, suffer the utmost want, misery, and distress.

Vienna, May 18. A considerable part of the Austrian army that was stationed on the frontier of Gallicia, is actually on march for the Danube.

Advices which may be relied on affirm, that the Russian corps which entered Servia, perceiving the feeble disposition manifested by the Servians for continuing the military operations, had marched back to the Danube, and passed over to the left bank. The islands in the Danube are, nevertheless, still occupied by the Russians.

It is asserted, that the Russian army is not yet sufficiently numerous to undertake the siege of the two important fortresses which detain it on the banks of the Danube, and at the same time to cover the besiegers with an army of observation. The Russians expect considerable reinforcements. It is by some alleged, that Prince Constantine is to take the chief command.

The Turks of Bosnia and Croatia have not attempted a fresh invasion of the Illyrian provinces; but it is confirmed, that they persecute the Greek Christians in the most cruel manner.

Berlin, May 22. By the last accounts from St. Petersburgh, the Emperor Alexander intended to proceed in a few

days to the coasts, to inspect the preparations made to prevent the approach of the English, who have re-appeared in the Baltic in considerable force.

Our ports of Stettin and Pillau, are filled with vessels of all flags. The police exercise an exemplary strictness. All the crews are examined at the entrance of the vessels, and repeatedly after their arrival. An American vessel has been sequestrated at Pillau, merely upon suspicion of the supercargo being an Englishman.

Badajos, May 21. The insurrection in the Sierra de Ronda continues to make great progress. The brave patriots make prize of provisions, arms, and horses, in the vicinity of Xeres, and the French find themselves obliged to send thither a part of the forces which covered the siege of the Isla. It is affirmed that some patriotic skirmishing parties have arrived in Medina, which agrees with the change which the French have made in their head-quarters from Chiclana to Porto Santa Maria, where they were constructing a battery at the bridge-head of St. Alexander.

Bayonne, May 22. Extract of a letter from General Count Suchet, commanding the 3d corps of the army of Spain, to General Count Hedouville—

'Head quarters, Lerida, May 14, ten at night.

'I hasten, my dear general, to inform you, that, subsequent to the events that I communicated to you, fifteen days of open trenches, three of continual fire, and two assaults, have made us masters of Lerida and it's formidable castles.

'We found in it 100 pieces of cannon mounted, 1,500,000 cartridges, 200,000 lb. of powder, and 10,000 firelocks, 8000 prisoners were taken, 10 standards, 6 colonels, 3 brigadiers, 2 marechals-de-camp, and the commander in chief Garcia Conde.'

The courier who arrived yesterday evening from Madrid, has brought intelligence that his majesty returned to his capital from Andalusia. The siege of Cadiz continues.

Mont de Marsan, May 22. Col. Baussain, at the head of the united French and Spanish troops, entered Olbera, a city surrounded with walls, and defended by 3 or 400 soldiers, who made but a feeble resistance, and retired after having lost 40 of their men. The colonel immediately marched upon Grazalema, of which he also took possession, notwithstanding the bad roads he had to walk over, the steep rocks that were to climb, and the resistance of the rebels, who, shut up in their houses, fired from all quarters upon our troops. The enemy was put completely to the rout.

Guarda, May 23. Letters received today from the head-quarters of Lord Wellington say, that the English army is in perfect health, and well provisioned in every respect; and the Portuguese army is now in such a state of perfection that we have nothing to fear. The French continue to retreat. General Massena, after reviewing the whole of the army on our frontier, has reported it is impossible to attack Portugal with a chance of success, till he receives considerable reinforcements.

Lisbon, May 24. Mr. Cassamajor, the late secretary of legation, sailed from hence a few days ago from Algiers. It is generally believed that he takes with him a considerable sum of money, to purchase a peace between that country and Portugal.

Cadiz, May 31. The regency is now established here, and joined by the Bishop of Orense, who arrived a few days ago. They made their public entry on Tuesday afternoon, and held a grand levee yesterday in honor of St. Ferdinand, the king's day; it was very numerously attended. The British Ambassador, Admiral Pickmore, Generals Graham, Hotham, and Sontag, dined afterwards with the regency, and there were general and very brilliant illuminations on both nights, and both fleets were dressed out in high style, and fired repeated salutes.

The ambassador presented the gentlemen of his legation, the general officers of our navy and army, Mr. Duff, and many others.

Though we have not received the official confirmation of the defeat of General Sebastiani, we entertain no doubt of it, considering all the circumstances, and the agreement of the last accounts with the first dispatch transmitted by the commandant-general of the camp of St. Roque.

HOME NEWS.

May 25.

ABOUT half past five o'clock on Wednesday morning, the antient mansion of the Noel family, at Exton, near Stamford, was discovered to be on fire: before any assistance could be procured, the dining-room, drawing-room, library, and all the apartments immediately adjoining, were in flames; and a short time only had elapsed before the whole of the rooms east of the great hall were a heap of ruins. There was no time to save any part of the valuable library, which, together with the whole of the valuable furniture, and some pictures, were entirely destroyed. Gainsborough's Woodman narrowly escaped; and Northcote's admirable painting, Captain Englefield in the Centaur, together with a few others of this extensive collection, were not saved without extreme difficulty. The loss cannot yet be ascertained, but, from appearances, it must be very great. About half of the house is completely in ruins. Only a very small sum is insured.

May 31. A few nights since, the wind blowing a perfect hurricane, and the sea running mountains high, the brig young Edward, Court, of Dover, with coals, was driven ashore at Wainfleet, on the coast of Lincolnshire, and went to pieces. The crew got safe to land in the boat; but the captain, willing to save every little he could, wished to venture once more to the ship, when five other captains volunteering to go with him, they put off in a boat, but, before they reached the wreck, the boat upset, and the whole were drowned.

June 1. Monday last an inquest was held on the bodies of Maturin Dagorn, a French pilot, and Mary his wife, at an inn in Prospect-Row, Plymouth-Dock. It appeared in evidence, that the husband was jealous of his wife (but without the least ground for it, as the woman was universally allowed to be very prudent and discreet), and formed the desperate resolution of putting a period to her existence and his own, which he effected on Saturday last, by first shooting her with a pistol, and then shooting himself with the same pistol, loaded again for the purpose. After a full and deliberate investigation, the jury brought in a verdict of *Wilful Murder* of the wife, and *felo de se* on the husband. He is ordered to be buried in a cross-road.

London, June 1. A most horrid attempt was made this morning to assassinate his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland. Soon after twelve o'clock last night, his royal highness came home to his apartments in the Kitchen-Court, St. James's, from the antient concert. Mr. Neale, who was in waiting, attended the duke to bed, and afterwards withdrew. About half past two o'clock yesterday morning, his royal highness was awoke by a violent blow on his right temple; a second immediately followed. It was repeated a third time, but a providential movement of his royal highness's arm intercepted the stroke, and prevented it from proving fatal. Before his royal highness could get out of bed several blows were directed at him, some of which he received on his arms and hands, and others on his legs and thighs. They were all inflicted by the duke's regimental sabre, which was usu-

ally hung up in his bed-room. His royal highness was so effected by the loss of blood, and the sudden nature of the attack, as to have hardly power to call for assistance. The attendants, however, were soon roused, and an alarm was spread throughout the palace, it being supposed that robbers had broken into the apartments. On searching the premises, no traces of the assassin could be found, till they came to the room appropriated to Seillis, when it was his turn of duty. On opening the door, a quantity of blood was found on the floor, and the miserable wretch was discovered lying on the bed dressed, except as to his coat, waistcoat, and shoes, with his head nearly severed from his body, and a razor, the instrument of his suicide, beside him. The body was quite dead when found, and, to appearance, had been so for many minutes before.

June 2. Yesterday an inquest was held in the apartments of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, on the body of Joseph Seillis, the Italian servant, who attempted his assassination.

The coroner stated to the jury, that a long investigation of the principal witnesses had been already gone into, and that of course it would only now be necessary to have the depositions then taken read before them to the witnesses, who should have the power of making any additions or alterations which they might choose.

The first deposition read was that of his royal highness himself. He stated, that he had been awakened about three o'clock on Thursday morning by two violent blows on the head, which were immediately afterwards followed by two others, accompanied by a hissing kind of noise. From this circumstance, his first conclusion was that a bat had by some means or other entered his room. There was a lamp and taper burning in the chamber, and by it's light he perceived a letter, which lay upon his table, completely covered with blood. This immediately struck him with the idea that there was a murderer in the room, and he accordingly struggled as quickly as he could out of bed. At this moment a naked sabre was dropped upon the floor, and he perceived the figure of a man flying into the yellow room, and escaping on towards the apartment in which Seillis slept. He went down stairs, aroused his page, and gave the alarm through the house of murderers. On returning up stairs, he found that the sword which had been dropped was his own regimental sabre, and also found a pair of slippers belonging to Seillis, in the closet adjoining his bed-room, and the key of the door on the closet side of it, a thing very unusual. There was also in the closet a dark lanthorn, which he had reason to believe was left there by Seillis. Seillis was one of his own valets, and had never incurred his displeasure, nor could he imagine any motive likely to prompt him to this extraordinary attempt.

Christopher Neale, one of his royal highness's pages, deposed, that he slept in a room which was separated from the duke's only by a thin partition; on Thursday morning he was awakened about three o'clock by the duke's voice, who cried out several times, 'Neale, Neale, I am murdered!' He instantly started up, and the duke told him to take care as the murderers were in his bed-room. The duke was in his shirt, all covered over with blood. He (Neale) immediately seised the poker, and, as he proceeded onwards towards the door of the yellow room, which was open, he trod upon a naked sword, which was reeking with blood. He took it up, and asked the duke's permission to pursue the murderer. The duke answered, 'No, no, Neale; for God's sake do not go from me, or leave me alone, as there are more of them in it.' The duke then leaned on his arm, and they went down stairs together. The porter was by this time roused, and the duke directed him to lock the doors, and allow no person to leave the house. They then met Mrs. Neale, whom the Duke directed to go and alarm Seillis. After this they returned to the duke's chamber, to search for the assassin. He looked into the closet, and there he found Seillis's black leather slippers, a dark lanthorn, a bottle of water, the scabbard of a sword, and two bolsters; the key of the closet-door was on the inside. A report by this time reached the duke that Seillis had been murdered. Mr. Home, the surgeon, then arrived, and found that the duke had received several wounds upon the head, the throat, the thigh, the hand, and the left arm. After this, the attention of all was directed to the duke's personal safety.

Anne Neale, wife to the above, deposed, that she had been called up at three o'clock on Thursday morning by

the alarm of the duke's murder. She found his royal highness, in the pages' room, bleeding profusely. He directed her to call Seillis. She went to one of the doors of his room (there were two doors), and knocked. There was no answer. She then went to open the door of the yellow room, but it was locked. After this she was joined by the porter, and they went round to the other door of Seillis's room, in order to waken him; when near the door they heard a gurgling noise, like that of water forcing it's way through the throat. The porter looked in, and exclaimed that Seillis had cut his throat. She was alarmed and retired. Seillis was a very obstinate man, and would bear no contradiction, not even from the duke. He constantly persisted in every dispute that he was in the right, and indeed it was not safe to differ from him. The duke had on all occasions shown him the most particular kindness; even lately, when he was affected with a cold, he would not allow him to go on the outside of the carriage, but insisted on his going inside with himself to Windsor. The Princess Augusta and his royal highness had stood sponsors, by proxy, for Seillis's last child, and her majesty had made the mother a present of two pieces of India muslin. Seillis had a key to pass from his own apartments to the duke's without going out of doors. He was always very distant with the other servants. He seldom spoke to her. The whole royal family were particularly attached to Seillis, and on every court-day they had his wife and children brought into the gallery to see them. Even on the last day the queen was in town, she had the young baby brought into the room to be shown to her. She never heard Seillis was jealous of his wife; quite the contrary; he was a domestic man, particularly attached to her and fond of his children.

After some other evidence had been taken, the jury adjourned to view the duke's bed-chamber. It had been carefully sealed up, so that every thing remained exactly in the same state in which his Royal Highness had left it; the bed, the dressing-table, the very water in which his wounds were washed, remained undisturbed. On a chair beside the bed, lay the night clothes the duke had on when he was attacked. His shirt was literally steeped in blood. Two cotton night-caps which he had on and a thickly wadded blue silk bandage with which they were fastened, were cut completely through with a stroke of the sabre. The assassin seemed to have stood rather back towards the head of the bed, which was placed in a small recess, in order to avoid discovery, and was therefore obliged to strike downwards at the duke's head in a slanting direction; in consequence of which, the curtains which hung from the top, impeded the action of the sword, and to this alone can his royal highness's preservation be imputed — several of the tassels of the curtain were cut off. The sword was a large military sabre of the duke's, and had been lately sharpened. The whole edge seemed hacked and blunted with the force of the blows. His royal highness's shirt was cut through in several places, and a great splinter was shivered from the door through which he made his escape. Adjoining the room itself, and communicating with it, is the little closet where the murderer secreted himself.

After having inspected this room, the jury proceeded to that of Seillis, and there a shocking spectacle presented itself. On the door being opened, the body of the murderer became visible. It lay on a bed of matted blood, in half erect posture, livid and loathsome. A horrid gash extended from ear to ear, the under-jaw almost dropped, and over all the features the distortion of pain was visible, apparently struggling with the ghastly composure of death. The razor, with which the fatal deed was perpetrated, lay near him on a chest of drawers. The back of his head reclined upon his watch, which was suspended from the head of the bed; and a basin of blood and water was on the table beside him. His cravat, almost cut to pieces, was found beside the razor.

On the return of the jury, the deposition of Mary Anne Seillis, wife to the deceased, was read.—The surgeons who had examined the body were examined, and some other evidence was taken, after which the coroner shortly recapitulated the evidence, and the Jury returned a verdict of *Felo de se*. The proceedings lasted for many hours.

June 21. This day the whole town was thrown into a kind of commotion by a procession intended to celebrate the liberation of Sir Francis Burdett from the tower, in consequence of the prorogation of parliament. He himself, however, disappointed the expectation of assembled crowds by crossing the water in a boat,

and proceeding to Wimbledon. After the multitude had somewhat recovered from their surprise it was resolved that the procession should pass without him, which it accordingly did, with music, streamers, &c. from the tower to the baronet's house in Picadilly. Gale Jones was in the procession in a hackney coach, with his name chalked on it. In the evening a partial illumination at the west end of the town was enforced by the populace, but it does not appear that any accidents happened.

June 13. A considerable sensation was excited in the city yesterday, by the Dover letters received in the morning, announcing the landing of a French general at that place, charged with dispatches to our government. It was said that he was picked up in an open boat off Boulogne by one of our ships of war, and carried into the downs to the admiral, who sent him to Dover to the agent for prisoners. He was accompanied by a black servant.

Other reports, upon which we are much more disposed to rely, assign a motive of a quite different kind to the unexpected visit of this officer; who turns out to be no less a person than General Sarrazin, who was second in command to Humbert, when the French landed at Killala, in Ireland, in the autumn of 1798. We understand that, in consequence of some apprehensions of being arrested by the French government, he determined to place himself beyond it's power, and adopted the extraordinary resolution of seeking a temporary asylum in this country. In pursuance of this determination, he proceeded to the coast with his servant, procured a boat and put to sea, and was taken up in the manner we have above stated. He remains for the present at the Ship inn, at Dover, where nobody is suffered to see him, but the commanding officer of the garrison, the agent of the transport board and the port collector.

June 19. A melancholy accident happened on Saturday last to Mrs. Hawker, of Longparish House, in Hampshire. The fire in her room having almost gone out, she was endeavouring to make it burn with some paper (unfortunately containing a quantity of gun-powder.) It blew up; and she was immediately in flames, which were with difficulty extinguished, but her right hand was so dreadfully shattered as to require immediate amputation.

BIRTHS.

May 24. At the Manor House, East Acton, the lady of W. E. Allen, Esq. of a son.

25. The lady of Tipping Rigby, Esq. of Chatham Place, Blackfriars, of a son.

27. Mrs. T. H. Budd, of Bedford-Row, Bloomsbury, of a son.

June 9. At his house at Hendon, the lady of John Bayford, Esq. of a daughter.

10. Mrs. Henry Pousett, of Stockwell-Common, of a son.

At her house in Montague-Place, Russel-Square, the Hon. Mrs. Vaughan, of a daughter, which died on Wednesday the 13th.

15. The lady of J. L. Ratton, Esq. of a son, at his residence in Bedford-Place, Russell-Square.

16. In Guildford-Street, Russell-Square, the lady of Captain L. Phillipps, of a daughter,

19. At Chislehurst, in Kent, Mrs. Stone, of a daughter.

The lady of Basil Montagu, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn, of a son.

24. Her Grace the Duchess of Bedford of a daughter, at his grace's residence in Hamilton-Place.

At his house in Brunswick Square, the lady of William Lewis, Esq. of a still-born son.

MARRIAGES.

May 24. At Ewell, Surry, Mr. S. Ritchie, to Miss Broadbent.

26. At Edmonton, by the Rev. Dawson Warren, Mr. Holden, of Upper Homerton, to Miss Talbot, of the Grove, Hackney.

Mr. Edward Withers, of Whitechapel, to Harriet, third daughter of Tabrum Clarence, Esq. of Dunmow, Essex.

At Mary-la-bonne Church, by the Rev. Edward Conyers, Rowland, son of Thomas Alston, Esq. of Odell Castle, Bedfordshire, to Rose, daughter and heiress of the late Jeremiah Milles, Esq., and of Rose Milles, of Pishobury, in the county of Hertford.

29. At St. Martin's in the Fields, William Augustus Gott, Esq., son of the late Sir Henry Thomas Gott, of Newland Park, Bucks, to Miss Beazley, only daughter of Charles Beazley, Esq. Whitehall, Westminster.

At Wandsworth, John Heyman, Esq. of Montague-Street, Russell-Square, eldest son of Henry Heyman, Esq. of Queen-Square, to Miss Mary Ann Johnson, of East-Hill, Wandsworth.

At St. Giles's Church, Reading, Alexander Blake, Esq. of St. James's-Street, London, to Miss Ann Ovey, second daughter of Thomas Ovey, Esq. Reading.

June 2. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Mr. William Wansey, of Queen-Square, to Miss Towgood, eldest daughter of Mr. Matthew Towgood.

June 8. C. B. Leatham, surgeon, City-Road, Finsbury-Square, to Sarah, daughter of John Freeth, Esq. of Barr, Staffordshire.

10. At St. Andrew Hubbard's Church, London, Captain Robert Brown, of the 4th Ceylon regiment, to Miss Elizabeth Webb Anderson, only daughter of James Anderson, Esq. of Ramsey-Grove, South Carolina.

12. At Clapham Church, by the Rev. Henry Law, Vicar of Standon, Herts, Nathaniel Philips, Esq. of Manchester, to Margaret, eldest daughter of William Hibbert, Esq. of Clapham.

14. At St. George's Church, Hanover-Square, by the Rev. John Jenkyns, the Rev. H. Morland, rector of Horsmonden, Kent, to Harriot Frances, youngest daughter of the late Rev. James Harriot, LL. D. of that place.

At St. James's, Clerkenwell, by the Rev. J. A. Busfield, John Plowes, Esq., of Rio Janeiro, to Miss Edwards, daughter of John Edwards, Esq. of Pye Nest, Yorkshire.

At Great St. Helens, by the Rev. L. W. Eliot, Henry Storks, Esq. of the Inner Temple, barrister at law, to Miss Trundle, daughter of T. Trundle, Esq. of Crossby-Square.

DEATHS.

May 22. At a very advanced age, at his residence in Millman-Street, Foundling Hospital, the Chevalier D'Eon; the celebrated and well-known character who for some time officiated as minister from the late court of France to that of Great-Britain. The chevalier, it will be recollected, was for many years asserted, and implicitly believed to the last to be a female, of which sex, for several years past, *he* (for so we may now speak) wore the attire, &c. However, this curious question, and which will now excite no small degree of interest in various circles, was on Wednesday set at rest, the body being dissected in the presence of some professional gentlemen, and the Earl of Yarmouth, Sir Sidney Smith, Hon Mr. Lyttleton, Mr. Douglas, and several other persons of consideration.

30. At the house of Dowager Lady Whichcote, Grantham, Harriet, the wife of James Atty, jun. Esq. of Esk Hall, Yorkshire, and daughter of Sir Thomas Whichcote, Bart of Aswarby, Lincolnshire, after a few days' illness, in the 22d year of her age.

31. At his house in Golden-Square, sincerely lamented by his wife and acquaintance, John Wallis, Esq.

Anne, the wife of Mr. W. R. King, Sergeants Inn, Fleet-Street.

At her house, in Southampton-Row, Mrs. Martyn, relict of the late Nichol Martyn, Esq.

June 3. At Hitchenden, aged 71, in the county of Bucks, sincerely and deservedly lamented by his afflicted family and friends, Mr. Thomas Goodson, a respectable farmer, and an inhabitant in that place nearly 50 years.

4. At his house in Picadilly, the Rt. Hon. William Windham, Esq. M. P.

11. In Charlotte-Street, Bedford-Square, Richard Parks, Esq. late of Upper Cresent, Bath.

11. The wife of George Holman, Esq. and youngest daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Frederic Hamilton.

12. At Putney, in the county of Surry, Mrs. Douglas Pettiward, in the 87th year of her age, relict of the late Rev. Roger Pettiward, D. D.

21. At Twickenham, in the 71st year of her age, the Right Hon. the Countess of Elgin and Kincardine; whose life, it truly may be said, has been spent in piety and benevolence.

24. At his house, Fitzroy Farm Highgate, the Right Hon. Lord Southampton. His lordship was but in the 49th year of his age, and within a month before his death appeared in the utmost vigor of his life. His lordship is succeeded in his title by his eldest son, an infant in the 6th year of his age; he has left a daughter of his former marriage, who has been incessant in her attentions to her revered parent during his illness; and one other son and two daughters by his present lady.